

Anthology of Sporting Verse

by E. B. OSBORN

Literary Editor of *The Morning
Post*

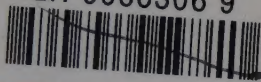
ALL lovers of sport will find much to delight and entertain them in this admirable and comprehensive anthology. It touches upon practically every aspect of sport—hunting, coursing, bowls, angling, golf, tennis, billiards, cricket, skating, yachting, snipe shooting, football, boxing, racing. Mr. Osborn has contributed a long and interesting introduction on *The Poetry of Sport*.

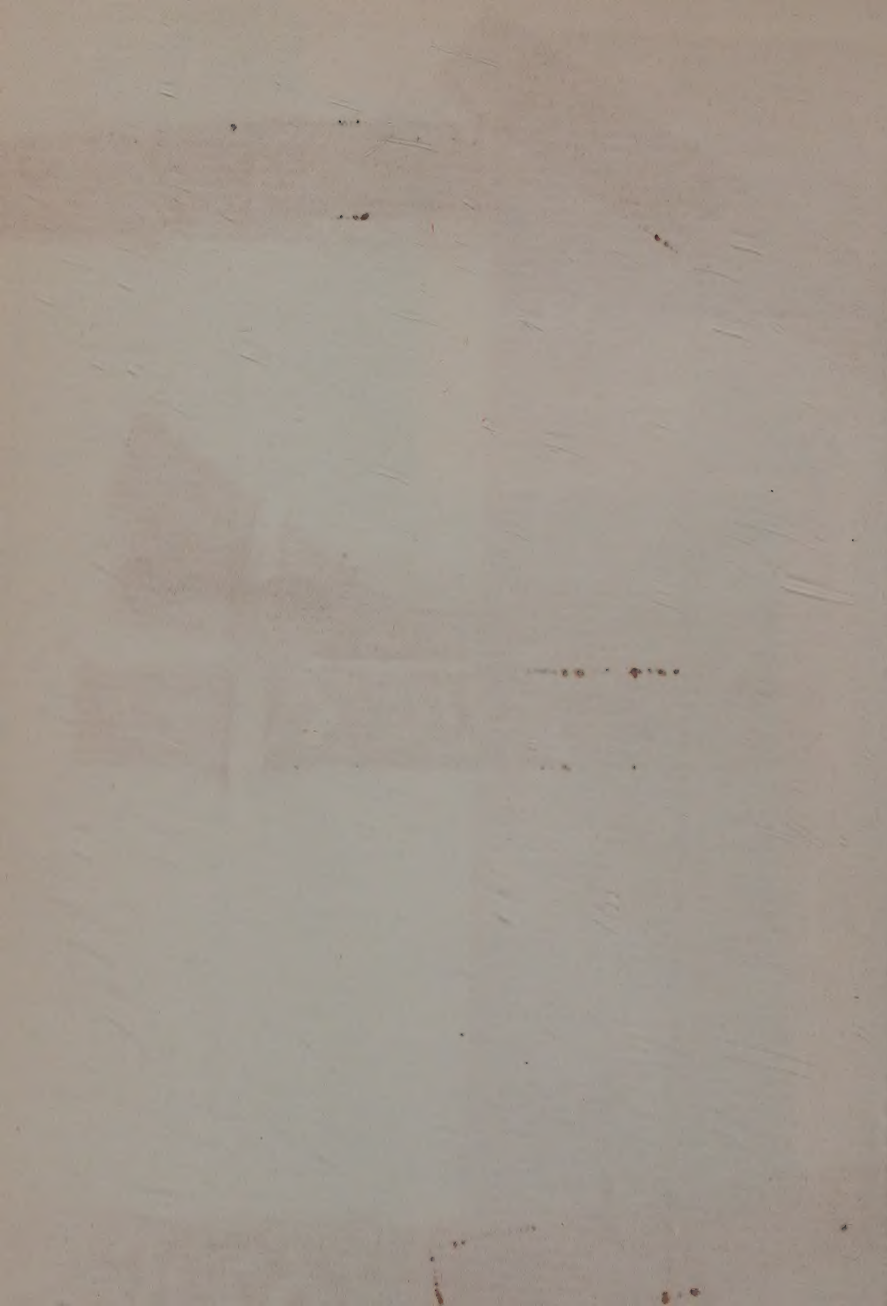
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ANTHOLOGY OF
SPORTING VERSE

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Selected, with a Preface, by
E. B. OSBORN

Literary Editor of the Morning Post



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DEDICATION

I am deeply grateful for the permission of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to dedicate to him this selection of sporting verse. It is a great honour to be allowed to associate with it the name of an acknowledged Leader of British sport, whose love of the open-air life, high courage, and keen sportsmanship are so much admired.

E. B. O.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My best thanks are due to Lady Desborough for permission to include the poems of sport by the late Julian Grenfell; to Mr. John Masefield for generous excerpts from "Right Royal" and "The Everlasting Mercy"; to Colonel John Murray for several poems from the "Chivalry of Sport" section of *The Muse in Arms*; to Sir Henry Newbolt for "Vitaï Lampada"; to the late Sir Theodore Cook for so generously allowing me to give the whole of the poem that was crowned in the Olympic Games Literary Contest, which makes an admirable second Introduction, and for other goodly gifts; to Mr. E. V. Lucas and Messrs. Methuen for "The Cricket Ball Sings"; to Captain Eric Parker for the cricket poem dedicated to the late Mr. W. A. Bettsworth; to the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for "The Grey Fox"; to Mr. G. D. Martineau and the Proprietors of *Punch* and *The Cricketer* for poems on cricket; to Miss Alice Carruthers Gould for "Exmoor," by her father, the late Sir F. Carruthers Gould; to Mr. Alfred Cochrane and *Country Life* for cricket poems and "Release" sent to me in manuscript; to Mr. W. H. Ogilvie and Messrs Constable & Co., for "English Grass" and two other poems of Country Sport; to Mr. J. C. Squire for a liberal portion of his miniature epic of the Oxford and Cambridge Rucker Match at Queen's Club; to Mr. Patrick Chalmers for "The First Drive" and "To a Cock Pheasant"; to Mr. Thomas Moulton for cricket poems; to Mr. Norman Gale for "The Commentator"; to Mr. Philip Norman for "Mr. Aislabie's Song" and "The Kentish Cricketer"; to Messrs John Lane, The Bodley Head, for two cricket poems by the late E. C. Lefroy; to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for "Ballade of Cricket," "Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf" and "Brahma" from their Complete Edition of the late Andrew Lang's poems; to the Rev. and Hon. W. E. Bowen for "Willow the King" and "Forty Years On," the text of which is taken from the biography of the late E. E. Bowen published by Messrs Longmans, Green and Co.; to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for the lines by the late Francis Thompson; and to the late Mr. R. C. Lehmann for "At Putney" and "The Perfect Oar."

If by any chance the proper acknowledgment has been overlooked, I hope to be forgiven and to make good the omission in a second edition.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Introduction: The poetry of Sport	<i>E. B. Osborn</i>	11
The Olympic Spirit	<i>Theodore Cook</i>	31
Shakespeare as Sportsman	<i>Shakespeare</i>	42
The Hunt is Up	<i>Anon.</i>	48
The Blazon Pronounced by the Hunter	<i>George Turberville</i>	49
The Harboured	<i>George Turberville</i>	50
The Elizabethan Athlete	<i>Edmund Spenser</i>	51
Bowls	<i>Francis Quarles</i>	52
Coursing	<i>Michael Drayton</i>	54
Fire, the Hunter	<i>Sir William Alexander</i>	56
The Angler's Dinner	<i>W. Browne</i>	57
Golf Clubs in Mourning	<i>Edward Adamson</i>	58
Old Rules of Billiards	<i>Anon.</i>	58
Groping, or Tickling, Trout	<i>John Bunyan</i>	60
The Hunter's Life	<i>Anon.</i>	60
The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott	<i>Anon.</i>	62
The Gentle Recreation	<i>John Whitney</i>	64
Otter Hunting	<i>William Somerville</i>	68
Cure for the Hump	<i>Matthew Green</i>	72
Golf and the Man	<i>Anon.</i>	73
Bathing	<i>Thomas Warton</i>	75
Hail, Cricket!	<i>James Love</i>	76
From the Latin	<i>Harold Perry</i>	77
The Perfect Hound	<i>Thomas Tickell</i>	78
Hawking for the Partridge	<i>Thomas Ravenscroft</i>	81
Falcon and Heron	<i>Richard Lovelace</i>	82
The King and the Forrester	<i>Anon.</i>	85
The Five Marks	<i>George Markland</i>	88
Neither Too Soon Nor Too Late	<i>George Markland</i>	89
Noon	<i>Francis Fawkes</i>	90
The Schoolboy	<i>Sir Martyn Mickle</i>	90
Birds that abound in Scotland	<i>J. Leyden</i>	92

	PAGE
A Scottish Hunt	<i>Walter Scott</i> 92
On Ettrick's Forest	<i>Walter Scott</i> 97
The Poacher's Hut	<i>Walter Scott</i> 98
The Joyous Sport	<i>James Sheridan Knowles</i> 99
Memories of Harrow	<i>Lord Byron</i> 101
Skating in Lakeland	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 102
The Three Jolly Huntsmen	<i>Anon.</i> 103
Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky	<i>Anon.</i> 105
John Peel	<i>John Graves</i> 107
Holcombe Song	<i>Anon.</i> 108
Hunting Song	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 111
Farmer Dobbin	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 113
Old Oulton Lowe	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 118
The Tarwood Run	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 120
The Coston Run	<i>Anon.</i> 127
The Squire's Philosophy	<i>William Combe</i> 130
The Bad Squire	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 135
The High-Mettled Racer	<i>Anon.</i> 136
Limerick Races	<i>Anon.</i> 138
Separation	<i>Thomas Bayly</i> 140
The Whipper-In	<i>William Shields</i> 141
Brow, Bay, and Tray	<i>G. J. Whyte-Melville</i> 143
A Word Ere We Start	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 147
The Sportsman	<i>Anon.</i> 149
Temporary Tailors	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 151
The North-Easter	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 153
The Find	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 154
The Place Where the Old Horse Died	<i>G. J. Whyte-Melville</i> 155
The Good Grey Mare	<i>G. J. Whyte-Melville</i> 157
Bonny Beeswing	<i>Anon.</i> 160
A Clipper	<i>G. J. Whyte-Melville</i> 162
Bolts	<i>Anon.</i> 164
The Good Little Hunter	<i>Harry L.</i> 166
Hard-Riding Dick	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 167
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 169
The Old Stable Lad	<i>Anon.</i> 171
The Earth-Stopper	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 173
The Tantivy Trot	<i>R. E. Egerton Warburton</i> 174
Dorset Song	<i>William Barnes</i> 175
Snipe Shooting	<i>Anon.</i> 177

Contents

9

		PAGE
The Outlaw	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	178
The Lincolnshire Polcher	<i>Anon.</i>	179
Southrop Poaching Song	<i>Anon.</i>	181
Eynsham Poaching Song	<i>Anon.</i>	182
On Shank's Nag	<i>Anon.</i>	183
The Football Match	<i>Anon.</i>	183
Bowling	<i>Anon.</i>	184
The Old English Falconer	<i>Sandy Grey</i>	185
I Remember	<i>C. S. Calverley</i>	187
In Memoriam "Boni" Canis	<i>R. C. Bosanquet</i>	189
The Kentish Cricketer	<i>Philip Norman</i>	190
Mr. Aislabie's Song	<i>Philip Norman</i>	194
Ballade of Cricket	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	199
Monotonous Ballad of Ill-Success	<i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	200
Ballade of the Corner Stroke	<i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	201
Brahma	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	202
Mrs. Keate	<i>W. M. Stone</i>	203
Windmill Down	<i>Eric Parker</i>	203
The Commentator	<i>Norman Gale</i>	205
Vitā Lampada	<i>Henry Newbolt</i>	206
Again	<i>R. A. Knox</i>	207
At Lord's	<i>Francis Thompson</i>	208
Willow the King	<i>E. E. Bowen</i>	209
Forty Years On	<i>Anon.</i>	210
The Cricket Ball Sings	<i>E. V. Lucas</i>	212
The Bowler	<i>E. C. Lefroy</i>	214
The New Ground	<i>E. C. Lefroy</i>	214
Prelude	<i>Thomas Moult</i>	215
The Names	<i>Thomas Moult</i>	216
Luck of the Toss	<i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	218
In the Slips	<i>F. W. Harvey</i>	219
Six and Out	<i>G. D. Martineau</i>	219
The "Prep School" Match	<i>G. D. Martineau</i>	220
Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf	<i>Andrew Lang</i>	221
Exmoor	<i>Francis C. Gould</i>	222
Release	<i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	224
A Father's Advice to His Son	<i>Mark Beaufoy</i>	225
The First Drive	<i>Patrick Chalmers</i>	226
To a Cock Pheasant	<i>Patrick Chalmers</i>	228

		PAGE
The Dead Gamekeeper	<i>Anon.</i>	229
At Putney	<i>R. C. Lehmann</i>	230
The Perfect Oar	<i>R. C. Lehmann</i>	231
Classic Coaching	<i>R. M. Forster</i>	234
English Grass	<i>W. H. Ogilvie</i>	235
The Old Grey Fox	<i>Arthur Conan Doyle</i>	236
Labuntur Anni	<i>C. Hilton Brown</i>	238
Hymn to the Wild Boar	<i>Julian Grenfell</i>	240
To a Black Greyhound	<i>Julian Grenfell</i>	241
Dandie Dinmonts	<i>Anon.</i>	242
Chancellor	<i>Anon.</i>	243
The Skaiter's March	<i>C. Dibdin</i>	244
The Jolly Curlers	<i>?</i>	245
Combined Skating	<i>O.</i>	247
The Toboggan Slide	<i>O.</i>	248
A Song of Sleighing	<i>O.</i>	249
School Football	<i>Eric Wilkinson</i>	251
The Rugger Match	<i>J. C. Squire</i>	253
The Fencer's Song	<i>Theodore Cook</i>	259
Cruise of the "Branwen"	<i>Theodore Cook</i>	261
The Soldier's Game	<i>George U. Robins</i>	265
Racing Rhymes	<i>Colwyn Phillips</i>	267
On Epsom Downs	<i>Anon.</i>	268
How We Beat the Favourite	<i>Adam Lindsay Gordon</i>	269
The Finish	<i>John Masefield</i>	273
The Great Fight	<i>John Masefield</i>	277

INTRODUCTION

THE POETRY OF SPORT

As a people the English are not addicted to braggadocio, but an Englishman will sometimes mildly suggest that other races ought to be grateful to us for persuading them, by precept and practice, that open-air sports and pastimes make for the healthy mind in a healthy body and help to mitigate the monotony of life for rich and poor alike. I must confess, however, that some of my foreign friends refuse to admit that they owe us anything on this score. A friendly Basque, for example, who has the Puckish sense of humour that pleases us so much in the personality of M. Borotra, the famous lawn tennis player, insists that our all-conquering pastimes have brought about the death or decline of ancient and honourable diversions in various parts of Europe. He complains, for example, that they have practically killed *Pelota*, an older and greater game than court tennis, and will soon cause the extinction of the modern and milder form of bull-fighting popular with his compatriots, in which the *jacas* or cowboys' ponies of the bull's tormentors are sheathed in heavily-padded leather. "No gentleman," he once observed cryptically, "will ever throw his hat and purse to the winner of a game played with a soft ball or even to the bull-headed scorer of a try at Rugby football!" It is long since I visited the Basque uplands, remote and misty-

green pastures where the cool murmuring of streamlets everywhere is an accompaniment for the faint, yet dulcet-clear, sounds of shepherds' *chirilions* which seemed always to come from beyond the blue hills of Time. So I can hope that this rumour of the death of *Pelota* is exaggerated, since it would be a loss to the world in general, and particularly to South America, if the picturesque players of that epic pastime—always men *de pelo en pecho*, or with hair on the chest, as they say in the Spanish lowlands—were to become extinct.

Another intelligent, or, at any rate, ingenious foreigner—in point of fact, a compatriot of M. Karel Capek, that highly original humorist—lately warned me that the social historians of the far future would bitterly blame England for having taught the rest of the world a hundred tempting ways of wasting time. They would be appalled, he thought, at the millions of "work-years" which had been lost owing to the world-wide popularity of the ball-games we have invented. And he added that lawn tennis and golf were the most insidious of these labour-destroying inventions, because women as well as men can find an unprofitable pleasure in playing them. It was not so very surprising to find that at least one foreigner looked with grave suspicion on those *Ludi Humaniores* which have moved Mr. George Santayana to agree with the theory expressed in my own couplet:

I deem the Englishman a Greek grown old,
Deep waters crossed and many a watchfire cold,

and have been praised by the late Pierre de Coubertin and others who helped to revive the Olympic

Games as a gracious civilising agency and a joyous substitute for war.

However, if our crowd-compelling ball games are really "Greek gifts," they have done more harm to the givers than to the recipients. Certainly we spend more time on them than any other nation. Thus, if I may be permitted a digression, figures recently published by the International Lawn Tennis Association show that there are more votaries of that perilous bi-sexual sport in England than in any other country. Our lawn tennis army numbers 250,000, and is more than thrice as large as that of the United States, despite the average American's faith in Roosevelt's maxim, "Sweat and be saved." Moreover, the whole of Europe could hardly produce as many players (80,000) as are to be found in the great and glorious Babbitt Warren. I myself rather doubt the accuracy of the I.L.T.A. census so far as America is concerned. Americans, I find, will never tell you they can "play" a game unless they have attained a more than average degree of skill. Thus, a Philadelphian friend, whose handicap would be 8 or even less, refused to admit that he was a golfer. "I can't say I play golf," he replied to the leading question, "but I do own some golf clubs and like fooling around with them." In the United States, furthermore, the indifferent player of any game is much more sensitive to the chaff of the gallery than he is in this country. Our "rabbits" do not mind how much they are laughed at as long as they snatch a fearful joy from their absurd activities.

I could not so compound with my conscience (literary) as to confound these foreign critics of England's chief by insisting that our love of sports

and pastimes had produced a notable body of noble literature. Hunting, fishing, and shooting, which are among the most ancient of human activities, have always been less concerned with pottery than poetry, if I may put it that way. Since they were primarily intended to fill the pot, every early literature is full of references to them ; and, though boar-hunting in the "Odyssey," to take an excellent example, is the diversion of princes, reading between the lines we feel sure that the beaters, the banded peasantry, penetrating the beeloud glades of Parnassus, must have been thinking all the time of the savour of wild pork ! French hunting in pre-war days, with all its time-honoured pomp and circumstance—parti-coloured uniforms trimmed with *galon de venerie* (hunting lace), complicated *hallalis* blown at the death from three or four huge circular horns in concert, and much quaint ceremonial—never lost sight of the problem of food-supply. Boar, deer, roe, hare were the creatures of chase ; Frenchmen did not hunt the fox, though ready enough to shoot him in drives (*chasses à tir*) because he is emphatically not an edible beast. I have taken part in French woodland hunts, and the distribution of the kill (when, if necessary, it had been broken up) was a matter of profound interest to everybody present—even to the aristocratic wearers of the Hunt buttons with their romantic mottoes, such as *Bien en selle, œil ouvert* (a firm seat and a keen eye). The French are a practical people, and that is why they have produced so little poetry of sport.

The "grateful pot" can be dimly discerned in the background whenever the earlier English poets

touch on open-air sports. In mediæval England, however, big game or small was for the earl's table, not for the churl's, and we find *Piers Plowman* complaining of the gameless dietary of poor folk :

There is payn and penny-ale as for a pittance
y-taken,
Cold flesh and cold fish for venison y-baken ;
Fridays and fasting-days, a farthing's worth of
muscles
Were a feast for such folk, or so many cockles.

Though Jacques Bonhomme of the broad back was much more cruelly ground down than the English villein, he had a better chance of getting a hare occasionally and jugging it in the traditional French style. "*My Lordes Mees*" (1512), which describes the rules and regulations for supplying the table of the fifth Earl of Northumberland at his castles of Wresill and Lekingfield in Yorkshire, shows us that what were regarded as game-birds in those days were not provender for poor people. "*Kyrlewes*" for "*Principall Feestes*" are included in the curious list, and the price to be paid for them was the same as indicated in the ancient proverbial couplet :

The curlew, be he lean or fat,
Carries a shilling in his back.

That the hunting and shooting of all that could be called game was a prerogative of the leisured classes, and a sporting diversion rather than an affair of commissariat at that, is evident from the

terminological tables given in "The Boke of St. Albans" (1486), attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, the Hunting Abbess, but really a school-book compiled from a tract by William Twici, huntsman to Edward II., so that high-born children learning to read might at the same time acquire the language of venery. Just as the young sportsman (or sportswoman) of to-day would be laughed at for calling hounds "dogs" or "bow-wows" or speaking of a "flock of partridges," so the fifteenth century apprentice to the noble art of venery would have been derided for forgetting that a heron is "dysmembryd," but a mallard "unbracyd," while herons in a company are a "sege" and mallard form a "sorde" or "sute." These technical terms are often a kind of open-air poetry, and it is pleasant to know that the country expert (especially if he be a poacher by family tradition) still talks of a "suit" of mallard and a "sedge" of herons and a "paddling" (Twici's "badelynge") of ducks when they are on the water. Modern open-air poets should do their best to revive the use of all these picturesque terms which appeal to ear and eye alike. It may be only doggerel, but there is an antique charm about such things as the St. Albans description of a greyhound :

A grehounde shulde be heded like a snake,
 And necked like a drake,
 Foted like a kat,
 Tayled like a rat,
 Sydd like a teme,
 Chyned¹ like a beme.

¹ backed.

Indeed, these rugged lines give one almost as much pleasure as, say, the late Julian Grenfell's poem "To a Black Greyhound," which is worthy to be set by the side of Blake's "Tyger":

Shining black in the shining light,
Inky black in the golden sun,
Graceful as the swallow's flight,
Light as swallow, wingèd one,
Swift as driven hurricane—
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,
Muffled thud of flying feet,
See the black dog galloping,
Hear his wild foot-beat.

Had he not been mortally wounded in the Great War, Julian Grenfell might have been the greatest of all our sporting poets.

The passages in the old, rugged English poetry in praise of sport are to me precious living antiques. Such are the loving satirical description of his Emily, by Lydgate (1370-1440), with the eager eyes of Artemis "under hir daggyd (notched at the edges) hood of green," and Langland's plea for hunting and hawking as beneficial to the poor thrifty husbandman:

And go hunt, hardely, to hares and to foxes,
To bores and to brocks that breken adowne my
hedges;
And go affayte¹ the fawcons, whilde fowles to
kyll,
For such cometh to my croft, and cropeth mi
whete.

¹ Get ready.

Coming to those for whom poetry was a fine art of the Enlightenment, based on a direct or indirect study of classic models, we find them constantly alluding to the sports and pastimes of their age. Then, as in later days, the man of action, to whom the chase was a substitute for war and a lively similitude thereof, regarded the making of verse as a proof of degeneracy. Ford (1629) puts this point of view into good set terms when he makes one of his characters expostulate with a young friend as follows :

A Booke ! is this the early exercise
I did prescribe ? instead of following health,
Which all men covet, you pursue your disease.
Where's your great Horse, your hounds, your set
at Tennis ?
Your Balloone ball, the practice of your dancing,
The casting of the sledge, or learning how
To tosse the pike ; all chang'd into a sonnet ?

So we find the Editor of the Badminton Volume on the Poetry of Sport challenging the assertion that " a hunting poet is an anomaly " and at the same time presenting in a frontispiece (by E. C. Brock) his conception of the " hunting poet " as a long-haired cadaverous person wearing pince-nez who scribbles in a notebook, while his horse lashes out at the hounds.

But there are innumerable references to hunting and hawking in the " Canterbury Tales," though none of them show that intimate knowledge which marks the true sportsman. Chaucer was a townsman, but he could not ignore these pursuits—albeit rebuking monks for preferring the music

of the horn to the sweet singing of psalms—in a period when no men of consequence travelled without his hawks and hounds, and Sydenham and Norwood were hunting demesnes of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Game was amazingly abundant in those days when the England we know had not yet been cut completely out of the dark forests and reedy swamps. Sport was half the life of the nobles and dignified clergy (the latter could point to the example of that sainted and enshrined sportsman, Thomas à Becket), and there is nothing more pathetic in my anthology of sporting verse than the sonnet written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a few days before his execution (1547), in which he recalls the stern delights of the chase :

The wilde forest, the clothed halts with grene :
With rains auailed, and swift ybreathed horse,
With crie of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

Spenser, no doubt, was a sportsman of experience, and his "Faerie Queene" is lavishly decked with pictures, firm in line and as richly coloured as those in a missal, of hunting, hawking, and fishing. Sometimes they end in a homely proverb, such as :

The fish that once was caught new bayte will
hardly byte.

It was necessary for the poets, especially dramatic poets, to be letter-perfect in the terminologies of sport, and we find Ben Jonson (unquestionably

a lusty poacher in the days when he earned a living with his hands) making one of his characters say :

“ Why you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now a dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greeke or the Latine.”

Of all the greater poets, however, Shakespeare has by far the most intimate knowledge of these open-air delights. To see that you have only to read the immortal description of Theseus' hounds in “ A Midsummer Night's Dream,” or the little dialogue on the care of a pack between a Lord and his Huntsman in “ The Taming of the Shrew.” Inasmuch as Bacon was no sportsman in any sense of the term, the certainty that the author of these passages understood *hunting* (as distinguished from mere riding to hounds) is alone sufficient to confute the fantastic notion that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

It was when fox-hunting became the chief English sport that the output of sporting songs and ballads reached its maximum. There are thousands of these things, in most of which Aurora, Phœbus, Diana, Sol, Morpheus, etc., appear to the accompaniment of hackneyed rhymes until the anthologist is maddened by conventional reiteration. Squire Western was illiterate—but he and his three-bottle cronies liked to have classical allusions in the songs they bawled out after a long day in the saddle. He and they slept forgotten in their country churchyards when the true laureates of the chase—Egerton Warburton,

Davenport Bromley, Whyte Melville, the author of "John Peel," and Charles Kingsley—wrote with their crops, so to speak, the simple, stirring stuff which conjures up such vivid and vivacious pictures of the golden age of fox-hunting. Yet the perils of the future were in becoming even in their time—did not Whyte Melville clinch a spirited protest with the couplet :

But, remember, fair sportsmen fair usage require ;
So up with the timber and down with the wire ?

When these hard-riding, hard-writing versifiers vanished, a new race of sporting poets began to follow the example of such *Dii majores* of English letters as George Meredith, who honoured all traditional country diversions and celebrated in jocund verse the victim of cub-hunting :

Gracefullest lepper, the dappled fox-cub
Curves over brambles with berries and buds,
Light as a bubble that flies from the tub
Whisked by the laundry-wife out of her suds.

It is a pity he did not give us a song or two of cricket, putting them into the mouth of his sporting farmer who confessed that, even when his mind was running on crops, there was a bit o' cricket at the bottom of the waggon-load. To-day we have clever makers of hunting songs and ballads, whose verse sings itself to a metronome of galloping hooves (recalling Virgil's *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*) and contains bright, intimate, early-morning impressions of what Jorrock called "the cut-'em-down countries."

The Poet Laureate has set a good example to the professional poets, who are apt to despise the diversions of our lusty commons, even while posing as friends of democracy, in his miniature epics of hunting and of steeplechasing which hold a place apart in the literature of sport. I have heard hunting men point out minute mistakes in his "Reynard the Fox," but his catalogue of the country folk who go to the meet at the Cock and Pye :

The grey three-hundred-year-old inn
Long since the haunt of Benjamin
The highwayman, who rode the bay.

will be accepted by future generations as a living epitome of that essential, eternal England which existed before the great cities, built up into the sky and roaring like the sea, shut out the sun, and is destined long to outlive them. It was a happy thought indeed, a proof of this great matutinal poet's genius, to describe the "Ghost Heath Run" from the fox's point of view, and the poem is full of passages which are inspired by a comprehending sympathy with the creatures that should be Man's wards and pensioners :

Poor dwindled souls that lost the upward way
In Memory's morning ere the world began.

This is no place for an apology for fox-hunting, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Masfield's crafty and courageous hero would be a zealous advocate of carrying on the sport, if the complete case for its continuance were submitted to him.

Better that I, the hunter, should suffer the occasional inconvenience of being hunted (so he would sum up the manner) than that my race should suffer a speedy and painful extinction at the hands of small-holders with their shot-guns, gins, and poisons that kindle a fire in the paunch. Mr. Masfield's description of the pack :

 Their minds being memories of smells ;
 Their voices like a ring of bells ;
 Their sterns all spirit, cock and feather ;
 Their colour like the English weather.

is worthy to be set side by side with Shakespeare's. The new sporting poets, who have been influenced by his example, are free from the prejudice against shooting first formulated by James I. in the set of rules he wrote for his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales :

 It is a thievish forme of hunting to shoote with
 gunnes and bowes.

So Mr. Patrick Chalmers takes us to the moors for the last drive when the birds, wild and no more bewildered :

 Come, like the levin, and will need
 A *man* to " ca " them down,

and glorifies the cock pheasant " splendid as Autumn ablaze in the vale " and yet does not despise the rabbit, that " friendly little Ishmael " who " acts sporting " in all seasons. And there are other sporting poets, who know their weapons

and the habits of their game, can wonder at the beauty and terror of landscapes and seascapes, and make couplets which suggest a masterly use of both barrels.

It is when we come to the poetry of pastimes, such as cricket and football and boxing, that we are conscious of a sad falling-off, both in quantity and quality. We are almost as badly off for verse celebrating athletes and athletics as the ancient Greeks were. Pindar was more interested in the genealogy of a victor at the Olympic Games (which must have been as busy and inclusive an affair as Derby Day) than in his form and technique. As a sporting reporter he is not in the same class as Theocritus, whose story of the merry milling between Polydeuces and the Berbycian heavy-weight is cleverly rendered into "P.R." slang in an old number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. I like the Greek epigram also which tells us how an ambitious young runner entered, with five others, for the long-distance race at Olympia and finished seventh—a little behind his trainer, who ran with him in his overcoat all the way, exhorting him to keep it up.

But, neither in Greek poetry nor in Greek prose, do we find any exact information as to the science and art of Greek athletics. We have a picture on a Greek vase of sprinters in a close finish, from which it would appear that they adopted the "dusting" style and did not know enough about technique to get down low in the final effort, as H. M. Abrahams did when he won the Hundred in the Olympic Games at Paris. But this at least is evident—the devotion of the ancient Greeks to open-air athletic exercises produced a standard

physique of rounded elastic muscles which is really the crowning masterpiece of Greek art. Of the spirit of Greek athletics, which anticipated our sportsmanship—really chivalry under a handier name—I need say nothing, since it is defined and justified in the poem that follows which won the late Sir Theodore Cook a laurel crown in the Olympic competition of 1920. It surely inspires the happy lines with which Mr. J. C. Squire concludes his story of the sternly-contested Rugger match between Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club, once an arena of virile athletics but now given over to lawn tennis as a sort of soft-ball Lord's :

I think that the Power that gave us the bodies
 we have,
Can only be praised by our use of the things He
 gave,
That we are not here to turn our backs to the sun,
Or to scorn the delight of our limbs. And for those
 who have eyes,
The beauty of this is the same as the beauty of
 flowers,
And of eagles and lions and mountains and oceans
 and stars,
And I care not, but rather am glad that the thought
 will recur,
That in Egypt the muscles moved under the shining
 skins
As here, and in Greece where Olympian champions
 died,
And in isles long ago, where never a record was kept.
And now I'll go home, and open a bottle of port,
And think upon beauty and God and the wonder
 of love,

That laughs at the shadow of Death, and my
 vanished youth,
And the throbbing heart that beats its own drum
 to the grave,
Returning absurdly again to the fact that we won,
Content to let darkness deepen, and stars shine.

Cricket, the noblest of our numerous ball-games, has had many would-be poets among its votaries. The old rhymed chronicles are as dull and monotonous as the bowling at the nets of the groundsmen of a minor club—the kind of professional described by my friend, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, as a “thirty-bob-a-week bowler” in pre-war days. But the late Andrew Lang’s “Ballade of Cricket” and Mr. A. H. J. Cochrane’s “Ballade of the Corner Stroke” which presents the type of batsman most irritating to bowlers :

Sirs, I was taken off ; expletives fail.
He did not use the weapon’s face at all.
They bowled him with an under like a snail—
This is the man who snicketh the lengthy ball,

were early examples of brighter and braver stuff. The late William Ernest Henley, under whom I served a joyous apprenticeship to letters, always insisted that the old French verse forms were admirably adapted to reproduce the recurring crises of modern team-games. This sagacious suggestion caused me to beat out a ballade on the play of sorely-beset half-backs in the last five minutes of a Soccer match, with the envoi that dates it :

Bailey, when shots were frequent and free
And the seconds trickled away so slow,
Did you ever murmur : " Referee,
When the deuce will the whistle blow ? "

and another one inspired by that noble, sky-piercing gesture of the umpire at cricket when he gives a man out, had a sorrowful ending :

Death at the wicket stands watching life's play ;
In his long white robe he has pinned the Rose
Of Love still a-fading ; though eager to stay,
When he lifts his hand, the champion goes.

We now have a good provision of excellent cricket verse (including a first-rate song in the late E. E. Bowen's " Willow the King "), but no poet whose work is as truly and thoroughly inspired as the Hambledon chronicles of old John Nyren, that rustical variant of Sir Thomas Browne. The most devoted and various of our cricket poets is Mr. G. D. Martineau, who bids us remember the origin of our glorious summer pastime :

Lord's and the Oval truly mean
Zenith of hard-bought fame ;
But it was just a village green
Mothered and made the game,

and takes us into the Sussex meadows which produce English players, such as Maurice Tate, who never loses a happy look of the glorified clodhopper. His story of the great match, ending in a tie, between Hornden and Oxenhurst, is a happy achievement which moves, as I think, to

the homely insistent music of a mowing-machine at work in the golden haze of a midsummer morning on a pitch for use in the afternoon. Wherever and whenever overheard, the mowing-machine's song vividly recalls to every old cricketer joyous memories of village and country house cricket.

Some day, let us hope, Mr. J. C. Squire will write a poem on University cricket at Lord's which will be a poetical pendant to his small epic of the Oxford and Cambridge Rugger match before it was transferred to Twickenham with its steep resounding stands. Of the individualistic games, golf, which makes for introspection, has been cannily served, and Andrew Lang, whose "Ballade of the Royal Game" has the admirable advisory refrain,

Tak' aye tent to be up on the green

has had many imitators, some of whom, alas! are just purveyors of a sticky facetiousness. There is not a single poem of modern boxing, which is much to be regretted. But Mr. John Masefield's description of a fight in "The Everlasting Mercy" is a lively bit of rhythmic realism. Lawn tennis has not inspired a single poem of merit, though one would have expected personality-sketches of Suzanne and "Big Bill" and the Puckish Borotra and other crowd-compelling personalities. Most of the minor games, however, have inspired a little good verse and in some cases a real poem (take, for example, Wordsworth's fine description of skating at night on Windermere). So it has been easy enough to compile an anthology which agreeably illustrates almost every phase of the English

sportsman's life. There is more than that, no doubt, to be found for the seeking. There is a legend of a famous fast bowler who took W. G. Grace for a long walk in the Mendip Hill country just before the beginning of the May in which he scored a thousand runs. When they were toiling along a desolate upland road, miles from the nearest tavern, the "Old Man" confessed he had a huge Silurian thirst and wondered when, if ever, he could quench it. "Now and here," said his friend with the cheery grin which used to annoy the Scottish pack, and forthwith began to dig in a little field beyond the hedge, eventually unearthing a bottle of beer! He said that he had buried many such bottles in lofty places so as to be sure of a long cool drink whenever he urgently required it.

In this formal wilderness (more like Hampstead Heath than the Mendips) of honest verse, you can surely find, here and there, a draught of English brew, often with a head of inspired foam to it, which will poetically refresh the spirit.

E. B. OSBORN.

THE OLYMPIC SPIRIT

"Whereas the trouble Hellas could not brook, the stone of Tantalus over our head, hath now been turned aside for us by one of the Gods." (Isthm. viii., 10.)

"In success is the crown of perfect glory and mighty contests the Muse delighteth to remember. Sow, then, some seed of fame across the isle that Zeus, Lord of Olympus, gave." (Nem. i., 10.)

Pindar, I pray thee, grant thy favouring
aid

The Invocation
to Pindar.

Even to me, thy distant follower
In strains of festival and prizes won
As thou hast seen them. At thy word
the bars
Of Time fall back and echoed Fame recalls

¹ The Silver Medal for Literature in the Art Competitions of the Olympic Games held at Antwerp in August, 1920, was awarded to the Poem of which these lines are an abbreviated version.

Pindar describes the Games of 776 B.C. in Elis in his tenth Olympian Ode in honour of Hagesidamus of Locri Epizephyrii, who won the Boys' Wrestling in 476 B.C. The poet was born in the sixth-fifth Olympiad, 518 B.C., and died in Argos at the age of eighty. He was buried near the Hippodrome at Thebes. His ode to Xenocrates, winner of the Chariot-Race, was written in the year of Marathon; and many of his poems (especially the beginning of the eighth Pythian Ode) show that the conditions of the Hellenic world, after the great Barbarian invasion had failed, were strikingly similar to those in Europe at the present day. (See the text edited by Sir John Sandys in 1919.)

The heroes of thy deep-toned harmony
In solemn-sounding dithyrambs. With
thee
All high and gentle names, all generous
souls
And loyal were laid up in lasting trust
For honour, all their prowess and their
dreams
Shrined in thy passionate sovranity of
song.
“We too have known the stone of
Tantalus
That once o’er Hellas hung, in dreadful
poise
Hanging above us. From us, too, the
Gods
Have turned that horror, and we now
delight
Once more in summer and the joyous
chance
Of contest with our peers and feasts
that greet
Our freedom . . .

“Pindar ! Come and watch with me
How four-and-twenty centuries of life
Have swung the wandering world back
to their source,
Back to the Games of Greece, the
murmuring throng,
The crashing cheers, the glory of the
sun
Shining at last above the clouds of war !
“Lead on, lead on those athletes of the
prime

Whom thou hast loved and sung so
long ago
From pale Persephone's dim distant
fields
To see the circuit of our Games, per-
chance
In presence and in voice to show them-
selves
Once more amongst us at the call divine
The Muses taught thee ! ”

From that golden rest,
Where for so long he slumbered, Pindar
came.
Nobly he moved beside me, and the bays
Above his brow's broad kindness were
green
As in the days when on Thermopylæ
Shone the brief splendour of Leonidas
And those grave eyes had seen the
unsullied flame,
The deathless fire that guards the gates
of Greece.

Pindar visits
the Stadium
of 1920.

Sheeted in silence, black as a lonely
tarn
Among the hills, lay Antwerp's Stadium
Beneath an empty sky. What light
there was
Seemed caught in the golden cobwebs
of the dust
Like gleaming shadows. Rather felt
than heard
There crept upon my pulsing heart the
sigh

Of seas that break upon the treacherous
edge
Of unseen quicksands ; all the pregnant
air
Stirred with strange agonies . . .
Wide waves of light
Streamed in slow circles from the summer
moon
And all the western Amphitheatre
Swept into sudden silver, while the east
Lay yet more darkly hidden . . .
Slowly rose
Shapes of majestic or tumultuous tread
In phantom phalanxes ; intangible,
Nameless as yet, but straightway recog-
nised
By him who stood beside me.

“ See ! ” he cried,
 “ Those whom the palms of Elis and her
 prayers
 Made denizens of Heaven, the con-
 querors
 In their lives’ prime of all that life can
 give
 Of best and worthiest, nobly are they fair
 And in their deeds most noble : stead-
 fast eyes,
 Deft hands, lithe limbs—they bear the
 very signs
 Of skilful lustihood beloved of gods
 And all that friendly host which filled
 the slopes
 Beneath the hills of Cronos, when the
 pale

The Games of
Greece.

And lovely moon lit up those silver
streams,
Alpheios and his sister-torrent, where
The fields of olive and of asphodel
Rang with our chorus . . .

“ For a thousand years
To peaceful Elis came the gathered
grace
Of Hellas and her strength, to celebrate
The ancient truce that followed ancient
wars.

Then Sicyon's chariot won the olive-
wreath
And royal Syracuse no brighter crown
Wore than that circlet . . . ”

The Crown of
Alcibiades

Suddenly I heard
The clang of silver harness on the pole,
The slow-curbed thunderbolt of galloping
steeds
That knew their master—Alcibiades
Leapt from his chariot ; in his scornful
glance
The lordlier light of Athens and the
glow
Of victory—“ See how they yield him
room !
Listen, he questions : ”

Where was run the race
For Four-horse chariots ? Show me
where they wheeled
And where the conquered fell. That was
a wreath
Worth winning ! Let a weakling world
forget

My eloquence and arms, my fleets that
 sailed
 The seas of Athens, if it but recall
 My brave Thessalian chargers, nobly
 bred,
 All black, all stallions ; is there none
 to-day
 To thunder down the track as once I
 drive
 Sheer through the shattered fragments
 and the blood
 Of all who challenged me till Hera's
 shrine
 Shook with our onset and dark Hades
 smiled
 At that grim slaughter ? "

But I answered not

Atlanta asks in
 whose memory
 the new Games
 are celebrated.

For, as he spake, a lighter, lovelier form
 Rose from the shade, as Aphrodite's self
 Rose from the full-flushed wave ; her
 eyes were clear
 As Dawn upon the snow, her lips were
 fresh
 As new-washed Morning, and her girded
 robe
 Scarce hid one shoulder's gleaming
 ivory
 Above her golden quiver, mists of gold
 Moved like a dreaming day-star on her
 head,
 Arcadian Atalanta, virgin sworn
 To Artemis. Her delicate hands were
 filled
 With blossoming bay ; her hair was
 garlanded

For festival ; through heavy-lidded
brows
Slid the soft lightning of that lambent
flame
Which burned within her :

“ In whose honour now
Do you assemble ? What Anchises dead
Or what Patroclus do you celebrate
In funeral games ? ”

Upon that word she ceased,
For on the night a distant murmur
stole
That echoed like a torrent in the hills,
The thousand-footed tramp of marching
men.

Nearer they came and nearer, till the
host

Seemed passing the arena ; one there
was

The Dead from
the Ypres
Salient answer
her.

Who stayed and stood within the
lessening arc

Of moonlight near us, helmeted he came
But weaponless—“ We are the Dead ! ”
he cried

Whom you commemorate. From those
warrior hills

Whose streams have bled with battle
we have marched,

From ruined towns and blasted pasturage,
From barren trenches pitted with the
steel

Of hideous hailstorms, rusted with the
rain

Of ceaseless blood . . .

“ Yea ! there is more in us
Of young Patroclus than Anchises old.
We are more ready for the generous
 strife
Of hand and foot we loved so long ago
Than for such lamentations of your loss
As women use . . .

“ But there is one who waits
To answer that Athenian—Listen then ! ”
We turned together. On the topmost
 tier,
Perched like a falcon o’er a precipice,
Sat one whose hand was raised, his body
 firm
And still as bronze ; his sheathed and
 brooding glance
Swept like an eagle’s through those
 shadowy ranks
Till it flashed fire on Alcibiades.

An Airman
answers
Alcibiades.

“ You tell us of your four-horse
 Chariot-Race
And ask what we did ? Hear our deeds
 in turn.
“ The shadow of my wings upon the
 earth
Was doom that darkened all the ways of
 men.
The strength of ten-score horses lay
 beneath
My lightest touch. My pathway swung
 beyond

The curve o' the world where Ocean's
darkest wave
Of purple smoked with gold, where the
blue deeps
Of Heaven enkindled round my shining
car.
For I have soared on the blind verge of
death
Triumphant over night, beyond the
gates
Of Morning and the chambers of the
Dawn
Where the young stars lie sleeping,
where no mists
Could blind or bar the splendour that I
sought,
Where winds that swooped upon us
like the wings
Of angered angels never stayed our
course
Out of the dappled cloud-belts of the
West
Forth to those golden solitudes of air,
Where Semele disrobes when night has
come
And tires her streaming tresses by the
glow
Of smouldering planets. Round the
Meridian
Wering the world and chase the slow-foot
Hours,
Or watch the grey winds gleaming in
our track
Or hear in sorrowing chords from star
to star

The lamentation of the Pleiades . . .
Wilt thou not follow me ? ”

The Army
passes and the
Greeks vanish.

But no reply
Came from the Greeks beneath him ; as
the dusk
Gave way to dawning, so those phantoms
fell
Back to their own place, and I stood
alone
Save for that guide who lingered. Still
the sound
Of marching men throbbed past us
and above
We heard those beating pinions, like
the roar
Of multitudinous thunder-clouds that
flame
Athwart some valley of the distant hills
In echoes of catastrophe. The wind
Bore on his breast the sighs of ancient
sins,
And many a wingèd woe of wars fore-
done,
And miseries ended. Like a shaft of gold
The Dawn flashed upwards.

Pindar salutes
the Youth of
the World.

“ See ! ” the Theban cried,
“ The shadows stay not, but the splendour
stays.
This is the Goddess ! This the Kingdom’s
peace !
Daughter of Justice and of Righteousness
She holds the keys of Council and of
War

In merciful hands : the heavens' wide
welcome waits
Her bright battalions ; faithful unto
death,
Crowned with high purpose now, their
strength renewed
From the eternal daysprings of the
world,
Hope's young and conquering colours
herald them
A breed predestined for the garland's
green,
Hearts that no toil can vanquish and
no fear
Can tame in travail !

“ Thanks I give to Zeus
That we have known the high gods'
purposes
Fulfilled in freedom, we have seen the
Land
From reeking ashes rise invincible
To the new sacrament of Life . . .
Farewell ! ”

SIR THEODORE COOK.

SHAKESPEARE AS SPORTSMAN

MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS

Theseus. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
 For now our observation is perform'd ;
 And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the Western valley, let them goe ;
 Dispatch I say, and Finde the Forrester.
 We will, faire Queene, up to the Mountaines
 top

And marke the musicall confusion
 Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hippolyta. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a woode of *Creete* they bayed the
 Beare

With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I heare
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
 Seem all one mutuall cry. I never heard
 So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan*
 kinde,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
 With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
 Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian*
 buls

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
 bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly* ;
Judge when you heare.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Act IV., Sc. I.

OLD HUNTING SONG

WHAT shall he have that kild the Deare ?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare :
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this
burthen ;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

AS YOU LIKE IT. Act IV., Sc. 2.

THE WOUNDED STAG

Duke Senior. Come, shall we goe and kill us
venison ?

And yet it irkes me the poor dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.

I. Lord. Indeed, my Lord

The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kinde swears you doe more
usurpe

Then doth your brother that hath banish'd
you :

Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore doe you looke
Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there ?

AS YOU LIKE IT. Act II., Sc. I.

CARE OF HOUNDS

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender wel my
hounds

Brach *Meriman*, the poore Cur is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd
brach,

Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntsman. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meerest¹ losse,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such :
But sup them well, and looke unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt againe.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Act I., Sc. I.

VENUS ADVISES "SAFETY FIRST" IN SPORT

BUT if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which lives by subtiltie,

¹ Most absolute.

Or at the Roe which no incounter dare :

Pursue these fearfull creatures o'er the downes,
And on thy wel breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

And when thou haste on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to over-shut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musits¹ through the which he goes,
Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometimes where earth-delving Conies keepe,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell :

And sometimes sorteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waites on feare.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have
singled

With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spent their mouths, eccho replies,
As if an other chase were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with listning eare,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well
To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

¹ Gaps in a hedge.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Ech envious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,
 So miserie is troden on by manie,
 And being low, never reliev'd by anie.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

ANGLING

Cleopatra. Give me mine Angle weele to th' River
 there

My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall
 pierce

Their slimy jawes : and as I draw them up,
Ile think them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha ! y' are caught.

Charmian. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your
Angling, when your diver did hang a salt
fish on his hooke which he with fervencie
drew up.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Act II., Sc. 5.

FALCONRY

Queene. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day :
Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon
 made
And what a pytch she flew above the rest :

To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing
high.

Suffolk. No marvell, and, it like your Majestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so
well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcon's
Pitch.

Gloster. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
But mounts no higher than a Bird can sore.

HENRY VI. Part II., Act II., Sc. I.

THE HUNT IS UP

Old English. Time of Henry Eighth.

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day ;
And Harry our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around ;
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey ta tara tee ree !

The sun is glad to see us clad
 All in our lusty green,
 And smiles in the sky as he riseth high,
 To see and to be seen.

Awake, all men, I say again,
 Be merry as you may ;
 For Harry our King is gone hunting,
 To bring his deer to bay.

PUBLISHED BY CHAPPEL, 1667.

(" Any song intended to arouse in the morning—even a love-song—was formerly called a *Hunt's-up*." So, in the French, we have *aubade* (music to be performed *à l'aube du jour*.)

THE BLAZON PRONOUNCED BY THE HUNTER

I AM the Hunte, which rathe and earely ryse,
 (My bottell filde, with wine in any wise)
 Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steppes withall,
 For eche foote one, bicause I would not fall.
 Then take my Hounde, in liam¹ me behinde,
 The stately Harte, in fryth or fell to finde.
 And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath fedde,
 The sweete byrdes sing, to cheare my drowsie hedde.
 And when my Hounde, doth streyne upon good
 vent,

I must confess, the same dothe me content.
 But when I have my coverts walkt aboute,
 And harbred² fast, the Harte for commynge out :
 Then I returne, to make a grave reporte.
 Whereas I finde, th'assembly dothe resorte.

¹ Leash. ² Set watchers.

And low I crouche, before the Lordings all,
 Out of my Horne, the fewmets¹ lette I fall,
 And other signes, and tokens do I tell,
 To make them hope, the Harte may like them well.
 Then they commaunde, that I the wine should
 taste,

So biddes mine Arte : and so my throte I baste.
 The dinner done, I go streightwayes agayne,
 Upon my markes, and shewe my Master playne.
 Then put my Hounde, upon the view to drawe,
 And rowse the Harte, out of his layre by lawe.
 O gamsters all, a little by your leave,
 Can you suche ioyes in triflyng games conceave ?

From "THE NOBLE ARTE OF VENERIE OR HUNTING."

GEORGE TURBERVILLE, 1575.

THE HARBOURER

I WENT this morning on my quest,
 My hound did stick, and seemed to vent some
 beast ;
 I held him short, and drawing after him,
 I might behold the Hart was feeding trymm ;
 His head was high, and large in each degree,
 Well paulmed eke, and seemed full sound to be ;
 Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,
 Of stately height and long he seemed then.
 Well barred and round, well pearled near his head ;
 He seemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie brownde
 He seemes well fed by all the synes I found ;
 For when I had well marked him with mine eye,
 I stept aside, to watch where he would lye ;

¹ Droppings.

And when I had so wayted full an houre,
That he might be at layre and in his boure,
I cast about to harbour him full sure.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE, 1575.

THE ELIZABETHAN ATHLETE

I

IN wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong :
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports not shepherds are emong :
In every one he vanquisht every one ;
He vanquisht all and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard but he therein had skill.

From "ASTROPHEL," 1595.

EDMUND SPENSER.

II

AND lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worms of everie gentle brest ;
The which to banish will faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborn steedes,
Now practising the proove of warlike deedes,

Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
 At other times he casts to sew¹ the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race
 T'enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most
 needfull)

Or else by wrestling to wex strong and needfull,
 Or his stiffe arms to stretch with Eughen bowe,
 And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ;
 Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe
 Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

From "MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE," 1613.
 EDMUND SPENSER.

BOWLS

HERE's your right ground : Wagge gently ore this
 Black ;

'Tis a short Cast ; y'are quickly at the Jack :
 Rubbe, rubbe an Inch or two ; Two Crownes to
 one

On this Boules side ; Blow winde ; 'Tis fairley
 throwne

The next Boule's worse that comes ; Come boule
 away ;

Mammon, you know the ground un-tutor'd,
 Play ;

Your last was gone ; A yeard of strength, well
 spar'd,

Had touch'd the Block ; your hand is still too
 hard.

¹ Follow.

Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flies too swift away :
See how they labour ; as if day and night

Were both too short, to serve their loose delight :
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skur

Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew :

One raps an oath ; another deals a curse ;

Hee never better bould ; this, never worse :

One rubbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and
laughs ;

The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes,
Sometime they whoope ; sometimes their Stigian
cries

Send their Black-*Santos* to the blushing Skies ;

Thus, mingling of Humors in a mad confusion,

They make bad Premises, and worse Conclusion :

But where's the Palme that Fortunes hand allowes

To bless the Victors honourable Browes ?

Come, Reader, come ; Ile light thine eye the way

To view the Prize, the while the Gamesters play ;

Close by the Jack, behold Gill Fortune stands

To wave the game ; See, in her partiall hands

The glorious Garland's held in open show,

To cheare the Ladds, and crowne the Conq'ers
brow ;

The world's the Jack ; the Gamesters that contend,

Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*. That juditious Friend,

That gives the ground, is *Sathan* ; and the Boules

Are sinfull Thoughts : The Prize, a Crowne for
Fooles.

Who breathes that boules not ? what bold tongues
can say

Without a blush, he hath not bould to day ?

It is the Trade of man ; And ev'ry Sinner

Has plaid his Rubbers ; Every Soule's a winner.

The vulgar Proverb's crost : Hee hardly can
 Be a good Bouler and an Honest man.
 Good God, turne thou my Brazil thoughts anew ;
 New soale my Boules, and make their Bias true :
 Ile cease to game, till fairer Ground be given,
 Nor wish to winne untill the Marke be Heaven.

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1635.

COURSING

WHILST *Rockingham* was heard with these Reports
 to ring,
 The Muse by making on tow'rds *Wellands* ominous
 Spring,
 With *Kelmarsh* there is caught, for coursing of the
 Hare,
 Which scornes that any place, should with her
 Plaines compare :
 Which in the proper Tearmes the Muse doth thus
 report ;
 The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the
 sport,
 The Finder sendeth out, to seeke out nimble *Wat*,
 Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every Flat,
 Till he this pretty Beast upon the Forme hath
 found,
 Then viewing for the Course, which is the fairest
 ground,
 The Greyhounds foorth are brought, for coursing
 then in case,
 And choycely in the Slip, one leading forth a
 brace ;
 The Finder puts her up, and gives her Coursers law.

And whilst the eager dogs upon the Start doe draw,
Shee riseth from her seat, as though on earth she
flew,
Forc'd by some yelping Cute¹ to give the Grey-
hounds view,
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out
they goe,
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow.
When each man runnes his Horse, with fixed eyes
and notes
Which God first turnes the Hare, which first the
other coats²,
They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turne
will take,
Whats offred by the first, the other good doth
make ;
And turne for turne againe with equall speed they
ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agilitie :
A hardned ridge or way, when if the Hare doe win,
Then as shot from a Bow, she from the Dogs doth
spin,
That strive to put her off, but when hee cannot
reach her,
This giving him a Coat³, about againe doth fetch
her
To him that comes behind, which seemes the Hare
to beare ;
But with a nimble turne shee casts them both
arrere :
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they
make her,
The Greyhounds both so spent, that they want
breath to take her.

¹ Cur.² Outruns.³ Pass.

Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things
 attends,
 And with my Course at Hare, my *Canto* likewise
 ends.

From "POLYOLBION." MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1622.

FIRE, THE HUNTER

THE craftie Foxe which Numbers doth deceave,
 To get, not be a Prey, shall be a Prey,
 The Embrions Enemie, Womens that conceive,
 As who might give him Death, their Birth to stay,
 That ravenous Wolfe which Blood would alwayes
 have,
 All then a Thought more quickly shall decay,
 No Strength then stands, such Weaknesse went
 before,
 Nor yet base Slight, meere Foolishnesse and more.

The Hart whose Hornes (as Greatnesse is to all)
 Do seeme to grace, are Burdens to his Head,
 With swift (though slender Legges) when Wounds
 appall,
 Which cures himselfe where Nature doth him lead
 And with great Eyes, weake Heart, oft Dangers
 thrall,
 The warie Hare whose Feare oft Sport hath made,
 Do seeke by Swiftnesse Death in vaine to shunne
 As if a Flight of Flames could be outrunne.

The painted Panther which not fear'd doth gore,
 Like some whose beauteous Face foule minds de-
 fame,

The Tiger Tigrish, past expressing more,
 Since crueltie is note by his Name,
 The able Ounce, strong Beare, and foaming Bore,
 (Mans Rebels since God did Man his proclaime)
 Though fierce all faint and know not where to
 turne,
 They see their old Refuge, the Forrests burne.

From "DOOMESDAY," by SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER,
 (Knight) Earl of Stirling ; The Third Houre. 1614.

THE ANGLER'S DINNER

Now as an *Angler* melancholy standing
 Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
 A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke :
 Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
 Mendeth his Corke and Baite, but all in vaine,
 He stands long viewing of the curled streame ;
 At last a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Bream*.
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
 He knowing it, a Fish of stubborne sway
 Puls up his rod, but soft : (as having skill)
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishes gill.
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
 Th'insnared Fish, here on the top doth scud,
 There underneath the banckes, then in the mud ;
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his *hyde*, or starting hole :
 By this the *Pike* cleane wearied, underneath
 A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fishes breath)
 Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,

And least his hast might happen to undoe him,
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
 And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
 Walkes to another Poole : at length is winner
 Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner :

From "BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS." W. BROWNE, 1613.

GOLF CLUBS IN MOURNING

AND yee my *Clubs*, you must no more prepare
 To make you bals flee whistling in the aire,
 But hing your heads, and bow your crooked crags,¹
 And dresse you all in sackcloth and in rags,
 Ni more to see the Sun, nor fertile fields,
 But closely keep you mourning in your bield,²
 And for your part the tribble to you take,
 And when you cry make all your crags to crake,
 And shiver when you sing alace for *Gall* !
 Ah if our mourning might thee now recall !

From "THE MUSES THRENODIS." EDW. ADAMSON,
 1638.

OLD RULES OF BILLIARDS

As the writer found them framed for a very ancient
 Billiard Table.

1. THE Leading-ball the upper end mayn't hit ;
 For if it doth, it loseth one by it.
2. The Follower with the King lie even shall
 If he doth pass or hit the others ball ;
 Or else lose one : the like if either lay
 Their arm or hand on board when they do play.

¹ Necks. ² Shelters.

3. That man wins one who with the others ball
So strikes the King that he doth make him
fall.
4. If striking at a hazard both run in,
The ball struck at thereby an end shall win.
5. He loseth one that down the Port doth fling ;
The like does he that justles down the King.
6. He that in play the adverse ball shall touch
With stick, hand, or cloaths forfeits just as
much.
7. And he that twice hath past shall touch the
King,
The other not past at all shall two ends win.
8. If both the balls over the Table flie,
The striker of them loseth one thereby.
And if but one upon the board attend,
The striker still the loser of the end.
9. One foot upon the ground must still be set,
Or one end's lost if you do that forget :
And if you twice shall touch a ball e're He
Hath struck between an end for him is free.
10. If any Stander-by shall chance to bet,
And will instruct, ye then must pay the set.
11. The Port of King being set, who moves the
same
With hand or stick shall lost that end or Game.
12. He that can touch being past, or strike the
other
Into the Hazard is allowed another.
13. If any Stander-by shall stop a ball,
The Game being lost thereby he pays for all.
14. If any past be stricken back again,
His pass before shall be accounted vain.
15. He that breaks anything with violence,
King, Port, or Stick is to make good th'offence.

16. If any not the Game doth fully know
 May ask another whether it be so.
 Remember also when the Game you win,
 To set it up for fear of wrangling.
17. He that doth make his ball the King light hit,
 And holes th'other scores two ends for it.

The full title is, "The Orders in Verse, as I found them fram'd for a very ancient Billiard Table." From "THE COMPLETE GAMESTER," 1680.

GROPING, OR TICKLING, TROUT

You see the ways the Fishermen doth take
 To catch the Fish ; what Engins doth he make ?
 Behold ! How he ingageth all his Wits,
 Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks and Nets ;
 Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook nor Line,
 Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engin, can make thine,
 They must be grop't for, and be tickled too,
 Or they will not be catcht what e're you do.

JOHN BUNYAN, "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," 1678.

THE HUNTER'S LIFE

LONG ere the morn
 Expects the return
 Of Apollo from the ocean queen ;
 Before the creak
 Of the crow, and the break
 Of day in the welkin seen ;
 Mounted he'd haloo
 And cheerfully follow

To the chase with his bugle clear :
Echo doth he make,
And the mountain shake,
With the thunder of his career.

Now bonny Bay
In his foine waxeth grey ;
Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood,
White Lily stops
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black Lady makes it good.
Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights to hear ;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the music of their career.

Hills with the heat
Of galloper's sweat,
Reviving their frozen tops,
And the dale's purple flowers,
That droop from the showers
That down from the rowels drop.
Swains their repast,
And strangers their haste,
Neglect when the horns they do hear,
To see a fleet
Pack of hounds in a sheet
And the hunter in his career.

Thus he careers
Over heaths, over mears,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay ;
Till he hath won

The noon from the morn,
 And the evening from the day.
 His sport then ends
 And joyfully wends
 Home again to his cottage, where
 Frankly he feasts
 Himself and his guests,
 And carouses in his career.

OLD SONG, 1682.

THE HUNTING OF ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT

IN the month of November, in the year fifty-two,
 Three jolly Fox-Hunters, all Sons of the Blue,
 Came o'er from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
 To have some diversion with Arscott of Tetcott :

Sing Fol de rol de rol, rol de rol lol,

Sing Fol de rol de rol, lol de rol lol rol lol.

Came o'er from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
 To have some diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.

The daylight was drawing, right radiant the morn,
 When Arscott of Tetcott he winded his horn ;
 He blew such a flourish, so loud in the hall,
 That rafters resounded, and danced to the call.

Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

In the kitchen the servants, in kennel the hounds,
 In the stable the horses were roused by the sounds ;
 On Black-Cap in saddle sat Arscott, " To-day
 I will show you good sport, lads. Hark follow
 away."

Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

They tried in the coppice, from Becket to Thorn,
They were Ringwood and Rally, and Princess and
Scorn.

Then out bounded Reynard, away they all went,
With the wind in their tails, on a beautiful scent.
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

"Hark, Vulcan," said Arscott, "the best of good
hounds.

Heigh, Venus," he shouted; "how nimbly she
bounds.

And nothing re-echoes so sweet in the valley,
As the music of Rattle, of Phil-pot, and Rally."
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

They hunted o'er fallow, o'er field and on moor,
And never a hound, man or horse would give o'er.
Sly Reynard kept distance for many a mile,
And no man dismounted for gate or for stile.
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

"How far do you make it?" said Simon, the son;
"The day that's declining will shortly be done."
"We'll follow till Doom's Day," quoth Arscott.
Before

They hear the Atlantic with menacing roar.
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

Thro' Whitsone and Poundstock, St. Gennys they
run;

As a fireball, red, in the sea set the sun.
Then out on Penkenner—a leap and they go
Full five hundred feet to the ocean below.
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
 John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say ;
 You may see him on Black-Cap, and hear, in full
 cry,

The pack from Pencarrow to Dazard go by.
 Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the tempest is howling, his horn you may
 hear,

And the bay of his hounds in their headlong career ;
 For Arscott of Tetcott loves hunting so well
 That he breaks for the pastime from Heaven—or
 Hell.

Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

OLD BALLAD.

Supposed to be written about John Arscott of Tetcott
 (who died in 1675), who was Sheriff of Devon. John
 Arscott is still believed to hunt the country, and there are
 men alive who declare they have heard his horn and
 seen him and his hounds pass by in the park.

THE GENTLE RECREATION

THEN sometime in a dusky evening late :

A *grey snail* from the ground I take,

And gently o'r the stream I troul.

'Tis safe, 'tis sure to try with all,

If but some Rain the day before did fall,

For Muddy streams a little vex,

With falling showers decoy him best :

Or, take a *Beetle* always brown,

That Boys from off the Apple-trees knock down,

Which in an Evening late when all the Stars,

To Heaven's black Canopy withdraws,

You may be sure good sport to find,

If but the following precepts well you mind,
Four wings he has, two scaly, two of softest down
But with his tail your largest hook encrown ;
Ne'r hurt him, all his Wings he will expand,
And Sing a Murmuring Tune the Trouts can under-
stand,

Who greedy of so sweet a prey,
Leap straight and bear the Songster quite away.
When with a sudden touch I feel him rove,
I soon injoy my wishes and my Love,
Try this but once, you'll quickly find it true,
And neatly after this same slight¹ persue.
But let no noise the wary Trout offend,
By stirring ground or reeds, lest vaine our wishes end.

No sooner was compleat my Fishing Geer,
But that I chanc'd to spy unto me steer.

Two *Carps* that were of mighty size,
My heart e'n leapt to make of one a prize ;
As they came Sailing careless on their way,
A well scour'd worm I in their course convey.

The water there not two foot deep,
Besides so clear,
That all their motions plainly did appear,
Behind a shady Oak conceal'd I stood,
And with a wary eye observ'd the flood,

And all their motions as they mov'd,
Thus while they nearer drew,
My hopes I still renew,
They'd nibble at my bait,
Tho after curse me for my sly deceit ;
And quickly plainly cou'd descry,
That one had something pleasing to his eye,
He seem'd to smile and with expanded Jaws,

¹ Feint.

Hug'd his good luck and silent gave Applause.
 Till with a gentle touch I hook'd him streight,
 While he stood wondring whence should come
 deceit,

Under the Luster of so fair a bait ;

He never seem'd, or scorn'd to run,
 But with a sudden jerk his tail did turn,
 And then as suddenly my Joys were gone,
 For my new strand gave way and broke,
 But what's become of worm and hook,
 For both I'm sure he fairly took.

Vext, no, we Anglers often loose our prize,
 Compleat let all our Tackling be, and most precise,
 For Fishes prove sometimes more wise than we,
 As by this late ensample all may see,

'Tis pity for to part the *Carp* and he,
 Since muddy Ponds with both do well agree ;

One bait doth both delight,
 A worm that's red and bright,
 Excells a Thousand trifling things,

That bungling Anglers to small purpose brings,

To scare the Fish away :

Both yield sweet pleasure, both delight,

Tho both contrary ways do bite,

And also play,

Carps eager gape and draw the flote downright,

Then when he's hung he runs with all his might

Nor water beats he with his tail,

Till life and strength together fail ;

The *Tench* he only gently sucks the worm,

And several ways the floting flote will turn,

Until the hook within his Jaws doth lie,

Angler forbear, for that once done to th' reeds he'll
 ply,

Thinking his prey for to secure and speedy dye.
One gentle touch he'll beat the water with his
tail,
Imploring help, no help can then prevail.

Soon from the River then withdraw,
Unto some *Farm*, and turn the rotten straw.
For *Worms*, a ruby head and body white,
Are certain signs the *Roach* at them will bite,
Get but a few, you need no more to fear,
But you'll have sport if any *Roach* are there,
I seldom find them at this bait precise ;
And some I've ta'en with other *Fishes eyes*.

One time my baits were spent,
I thoughtfull was for more,
When Fortune favour'd my intent,
And soon supply'd my store ;
A sudden fancy in my Nodde came,
Which I resolved then to try,
Do you but make experience of the same,
You may succeed as well as I,
The Glaring *Oculus*, great Loves misterious bait,
That leads the World in errour, Topsy turns a
state,
Which Monarchs more adore, and brighter shines,
Then all the glittering stones adorn their Diadems :
This was my fancy, and I well may say,
Eyes were my guide the *Fishes* to betray,
For some I took, *Jove* pardon my Intent
To make the blind decoy the Innocent ;
Wonder no more, 'tis certain true and just,
Necessity begot Invention first.

If you but one Inch, or rather on the ground,
Your *Bradling* tail, as you the water sound ;

For he'll ne'er rise, try all the Art you can,
To take a bait that's from the ground a span.

A *Bradling*, that his chiefest Love,

A *Gentle*, sometimes will him move.

So will the *Straw-worm*, from his house drawn clear,
Shew you the pleasure that in Rivers are.

A pliant Rod,

No sturdy Goad,

That Rustick People use,

Gives more delight,

When *Gudgeons* bite,

Then all their vain Ostentious shews.

A Hook that's fine,

And Taper Line,

Two or three hairs below,

May well suffice,

Unto the wise,

When they to Angling go.

From "THE GENTEEL RECREATION, OR, THE PLEASURE
OF ANGLING." A Poem with a Dialogue between
Piscator and Corydon. By JOHN WHITNEY, a lover
of the Angle, 1700.

OTTER HUNTING

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid !

Another Element demands thy Song.

No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick

With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,

Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack :

But skim with wanton Wing th'irriguous Vale,

Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads

Perpetual glide along ; and undermine

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots

Of hoary Willows arch'd ; gloomy Retreat

Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at Will,
On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze,
Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws aslope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppression ? Where, alas !
Is Innocence secure ? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps; Seas have their Shark
Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike ;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey ; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate
Deserv'd : But Tyrants know no Bounds : nor
Spears

That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws ; nor burnish'd Mail
The yellow Carp ; nor all his Arts can save
Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head
Beneath the slimy Mud ; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,
This midnight Pillager ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

This subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where Ancient Alders shade
The deep still Pool ; within some hollow Trunk
Contrives his wicker Couch ; Whence he surveys
His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
Dispute the Felon's Claim ; try ev'ry Root,
And ev'ry reedy Bank ; encourage all

The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
 Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
 Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
 Proclaim your bold Defiance ; loudly raise
 Each chearing Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
 The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
 See there his Seal impress'd ! and on that Bank
 Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
 Scales, Fins and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
 Ah ! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more,
 His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
 The sly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
 And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
 Thy eager Pack ; and trail him to his Couch.
 Hark ! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
 The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

Ye *Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
 And hear our Melody. Th'harmonious Notes
 Float with the Stream ; and ev'ry winding Creek
 And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
 Nods pendant ; still improve from Shore to Shore
 Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts !
 What Clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering
 Sounds

Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way !
 Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
 The dancing Billows, when proud *Neptune* rides
 In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy Stream, that to each Blade
 Rank-scenting Clings ! See ! how the Morning
 Dews
 They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling
 drop

Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.
Now on firm Land they range ; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or thro' reedy Pools
Rustling they work their Way : no Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour stings ; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
The passing Wave ; must be the Tyrant's Fort
And dread abode. How these impatient climb
While others at the Foot incessant Bay :
They put him down. See, there he dives along !
Th'ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deep. Ah, there he Vents !
The Pack plunge headlong, and protended Spears
Menace destruction. While the troubled Surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind
Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult
reigns,

And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he Vents !
See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him ; down they
sink,

Together lost : But soon shall he repent
His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,
This artful Diver best can bear the Want
Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long ; but Respiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he vents ;
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd

His Neck ; the crimson Waves confess the
Wound.

Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,
Where-e'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts ; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound
Bear the cold Stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy Bank
He creeps disconsolate ; his num'rous Foes
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro',

On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in
vain :

Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,
Proclaim the Felon's Fate, he dies, he dies.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, 1735.

CURE FOR THE HUMP

HUNTING I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;
But after no field-honours itch
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygea's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn :
These see her from her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th'embraces of the night,
With roral¹ wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance, as she flies

¹ Dewy.

Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the Hark-away,
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.
 Then as St. George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
 While all the spirits are on wing,
 And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling green ;
 Some hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

FROM "THE SPLEEN." MATTHEW GREEN, 1737.

GOLF AND THE MAN

CANTO I

GOFF, and the *Man*, I sing, who, em'lous, plies
 The jointed club ; whose balls invade the skies ;
 Who from *Edina's* tow'rs, his peaceful home,
 In quest of fame o'er *Letha's* plains did roam,
 Long toil'd the hero, on the verdant field,
 Strain'd his stout arm the weighty club to wield.

CANTO II

Now at the hole the Chiefs begin the game,
 Which from the neighb'ring *thorn-tree* takes its
 name ;
 Ardent they grasp the ball-compelling clubs,
 And stretch their arms t'attack the little globes.

Then great *Castalio* his whole force collects
 And on the orb a noble blow directs.
 Swift as a thought the ball obedient flies,
 Sings high in air, and seems to cleave the skies ;
 Then on the level plain its fury spends ;
 And *Irus* to the Chief the welcome tidings sends.
 Next in his turn *Pygmalion* strikes the globe :
 On th'upper half descends the erring club ;
 Along the green the ball confounded scours ;
 No lofty flight the ill-spel stroke empow'rs.
 Thus, when the trembling hare describes the
 hounds,
 She from her whinny mansion swiftly bounds ;
 O'er hills and fields she scours, outstrips the wind ;
 The hound and huntsmen follow far behind.

CANTO III

Mean while the Chiefs for the last hole contend,
 The last great hole, which should their labours end.
 For this the Chiefs exert their skill and might,
 To drive the balls, and to direct their flight.
 Thus two fleet coursers for the Royal plate,
 (The others distanc'd) run the final heat ;
 With all his might each gen'rous racer flies,
 And all his art each panting rider tries,
 While show'rs of gold and praises warm his breast,
 And gen'rous emulation fires the beast.

A mighty blow *Pygmalion* then lets fall ;
 Straight from th'impulsive engine starts the ball
 Answ'ring its master's just design, it hastes,
 And from the hole scarce twice two clubs length
 rests.

Ah ! what avails thy skill, since Fate decrees

Thy conqu'ring foe to bear away the prize ?
 Full fifteen clubs length from the hole he lay,
 A wide cart-road before him cross'd his way ;
 The deep-cut tracks th'intrepid Chief defies,
 High o'er the road the ball triumphing flies,
 Lights on the green, and scours into the hole :
 Down with it sinks depress'd *Pygmalion's* soul.
 Seiz'd with surprize th'affrighted hero stands,
 And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands ;
 The creeping ball its want of force complains,
 A grassy tuft the loit'ring orb detains :
 Surrounding crowds the victor's praise proclaim,
 The echoing shore resounds *Castalio's* name.

From "THE GOFF." An Heroi-Comical Poem in
 3 Cantos, 1743.

BATHING

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' tower'd brim :
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,
 While cooling drops distill from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

THOS. WARTON, 1777.

HAIL CRICKET !

HAIL, CRICKET ! glorious, manly, British Game !
First of all Sports ! be first alike in Fame !
To my fir'd Soul thy busy transports bring,
That I may feel thy Raptures, while I sing ;
SANDWICH, thy Country's Friend, accept the Lay !
Tho' mean my Verse, my Subject yet approve,
And look propitious on the Game you love !

O thou, sublime Inspirer of my Song !
What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong !
Look round the Globe, inclin'd to Mirth, and see
What daring Sport can claim the Prize from thee !

Not puny Billiards, where with sluggish Pace
The dull Ball trails before the feeble Mace.
Where no triumphant shouts, no clamours dare
Pierce thro' the vaulted Roof and wound the Air ;
But stiff Spectators quite inactive stand
Speechless, attending to the Striker's Hand :
Where nothing can your languid Spirits move,
Save when the Marker bellows out Six love !
Or when the Ball, close cushion'd, slides askew,
And to the opening Pocket runs, a Cou.
Nor yet the happier Game, where the smooth
Bowl,
In circling Mazes, wanders to the Goal ;
Where, much divided between Fear and Glee,
The Youth cries Rub ; O Flee, You Ling'rer, Flee !

Not Tennis self, thy sister sport, can charm,
Or with thy fierce Delights our Bosoms warm.
Tho' full of Life, at Ease alone dismay'd,

She calls each swelling Sinew to her Aid ;
Her echoing Courts confess the sprightly Sound
While from the Racket the brisk Balls rebound.
Yet, to small Space confined, ev'n she must yield
To nobler CRICKET the disputed Field.

From "CRICKET: AN HEROIC POEM" (Kent v. England, June 18th, 1744.) JAMES LOVE.

FROM THE LATIN

Deinde locum signant . . .

THE pitch then's chosen, where the meadows start
More flat. Each end, the proper length apart
And opposite, twin uprights, cleft atop,
With little interval between, upcrop,
Thrust in the ground ; a clean bail caps their ends,
A bar on which the contest's fate depends,
And well it needs defending : Leather Sphere
May force its downfall, if by chance severe
She's straightly aimed, and strikes the wicket's
stay,

It falls, and its shamed guardian slinks away.

Two umpires stand, each in a convenient place,
Resting on bats, to see one touch the crease
As law directs, else running is in vain.
And more aloof, where they have vision plain,
Two trusted friends squat on the rising floor
To notch, with knives on sticks, the mounting
score.

HAROLD PERRY. Translated from a Latin Poem "IN CERTAMEN PILÆ," the earliest known description of a Cricket Match, by WILLIAM GOLDWIN, published in *Musæ Juveniles*, 1706.

THE PERFECT HOUND

*"Dona cano divum, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo . . ."*—GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chace,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise ;
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly
train :

If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade, O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre ;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant¹ race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell ;
By wiles ungenerous some surprize the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
Seest thou the gaze-hound ! how with glance
severe

From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer !
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze ;

¹ Barking.

The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane ;
O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill !
His fellows' vain alarms reject with scorn,
True to the master's voice, and learned horn.
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew ;
Once snuff'd he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game ;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain
And from the scent divert the wiser train ;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone ;
Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
A sauntering tribe ! may such my foes disgrace !
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame ?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race ;
How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line ;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,

As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
 Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
 And paint the thousand families of hounds :
 First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
 Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
 The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,
 My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.

Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
 His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
 Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
 A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind ;
 Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd
 his paw,

Large-leg'd, dry-sol'd, and of protended claw.
 His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savory steam,
 And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam ;
 Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
 With ears and chest that dash the morning dew :
 He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
 And charm the Dryads with his voice profound ;
 To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
 And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board. . .

A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting by THOMAS TICKELL.
 From "WORKS OF ENGLISH POETS," Edited by
 Samuel Johnson, 1779.

HAWKING FOR THE PARTRIDGE

SITH *Sickles* and the sheering *Sythe*, hath shorne
the Feilds of late,

Now shall our Hawkes and we be blythe, Dame
Partridge ware your pate :

Our murdring *Kites*, in all their *flights*, will sild or
never never never seld or never misse,

To trusse you ever ever ever ever, and make your
bale our blisse,

Whur ret *Duty*, whur ret *Beauty* ret, whur ret
Love, whur ret, hey dogs hey.

Ware haunt, hey *Sempster*, ret *Faver*, ret *Minx*,
ret *Dido*, ret *Civill*, ret *Lemmon*, ret whur
whur, let flie let flie.

O well flowne well flowne eager *Kite*, *marke*, *marke*,
O marke belowe the Ley,

This was a fayre, most fayre and kingly flight,

We *Falkners* thus make sullen *Kites* yeeld pleasure
fit for Kings,

And sport with them and in those delights, and
oft, and oft in other things, and oft in
other things.

From "A BRIEF DISCOURSE OF DEGREES." By THOMAS
RAVENSROFT, 1614.

FALCON AND HERON

FAIR Princesse of the spacious Air,
That hast vouchsaf'd acquaintance here,
With us are quarter'd below stairs,
That can reach Heav'n with nought but Pray'rs ;
Who when our activ'st wings we try,
Advance a foot into the Sky.

Bright Heir t'th' Bird Imperial,
From whose avenging penons fall,
Thunder and Lightning twisted Spun ;
Brave Cousin-german to the Sun,
That didst forsake thy Throne and Sphere,
To be an humble Pris'ner here ;
And for a pirsch of her soft hand,
Resign the Royal Woods command.

How often would'st thou shoot Heav'ns Ark,
Then mount thy self into a Lark ;
And after our short faint eyes call,
When now a fly, now nought at all ;
Then stoop so swift unto our Sence,
As thou wert sent Intelligence.

Free beauteous Slave thy happy feet
In silver Fetters vervails¹ meet
And trample on that noble Wrist
The Gods have kneel'd in vain t'have kist :
But gaze not, bold deceived Spy,
Too much oth' lustre of her Eye,
The Sun, thou dost out-stare, alas !
Winks at the glory of her Face.

¹ Rings on a hawk's feet.

Be safe then in thy Velvet helm,
Her looks are calms that do orewhelm,
Then the *Arabian* bird more blest,
Chafe in the spicery of her breast,
And loose you in her breath, a wind
Sow'rs the delicious gales of *Inde*.
But now a quill from thine own Wing
I pluck, thy lofty fate to sing :

Whilst we behold the various fight
With mingled pleasure and affright,
The humbler Hinds do fall to pray'r.
As when an Army's seen i' th' Air
And the prophetick Spannels run,
And howle thy *Epicedium*.

The *Heron* mounted doth appear
On his own Peg'sus a Lanceer,
And seems on earth, when he doth hut,
A proper Halberdier on foot ;
Secure i' th' Moore, about to sup,
The Dogs have beat his Quarters up.

And now he takes the open air,
Drawes up his Wings with Tactick care ;
Whilst th' expert *Falcon* swift doth climb,
In subtle Mazes serpentine ;
And to advantage closely twin'd
She gets the upper Sky and Wind,
Where she dissembles to invade,
And lies a pol-tick Ambuscade.

The hedg'd-in *Heron*, whom the Foe
Awaits above, and Dogs below,
In his fortification lies,

And makes him ready for surprize ;
When roused with a shrill alarm,
Was shouted from beneath, they arm.

The *Falcon* charges at first view
With her brigade of Talons ; through
Whose Shoots, the wary *Heron* beat,
With a well counterwheel'd retreat.
But the bold Gen'ral never lost,
Hath won again her airy Post ;
Who wild in this affront, now fries,
Then gives a Volley of her Eyes.

The desp'rate *Heron* now contracts,
In one design all former facts ;
Noble he is resolv'd to fall
His, and his En'mies funerall,
And (to be rid of her) to dy
A publick Martyr of the Sky.

When now he turns his last to wreak
The palizadoes of his Beak ;
The raging foe impatient
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent,
Swift as the Thunderbolt he strikes,
Too sure upon the stand of Pikes,
There she his naked breast doth hit
And on the case of Rapiers' split.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs
The *Heron's* pounc'd within her Phangs,
And so above she stoops to rise
A Trophée and a Sacrifice ;
Whilst her own Bells in the sad fall
Ring out the double Funerall.

" LUCASTA," RICHARD LOVELACE, 1659.

THE KING AND THE FORRESTER

You subjects of England, come listen a while ;
Here is a new ditty will make you to smile,
It is of a king and a keeper also,
Who met in a forest some winters ago.

O early, O early, all in the morning,
King William rose early all in the morning.
And a gown of grey russet King William put on,
As tho' he had been some silly poor man.

The hounds were ready prepar'd for game,
No nobles attended of honour and fame :
But like a mean subject in homely array,
He to his forest was taking his way.

Oh then bespoke Mary, our most royal queen,
“ My gracious Lord, pray where are you going ? ”
He answered, “ I count him to be no wise man,
That will his counsel tell unto a woman.”

The queen, with a modest behaviour reply'd,
“ I wish that kind providence may be your guide,
To keep you from danger, my sovereign lord,
Which will the greatest of blessings afford.”

He went to the forest some pleasure to spy,
Where the hounds run swift, the keeper drew nigh,
“ How dare you, bold fellow, how dare you come
here,
Without the King's leave, to chase his fair deer.”

" Here are my three hounds, I will give them to you,
And likewise my hawk as good as e'er flew ;
Besides I will give you full forty shillings,
If thou wilt not betray me to William our King.

" I am one of his subjects, I am one of his force,
And I am come here for to run a course."

" Get you gone, you bold fellow, you run no course
here,
Without the leave of King William forbear."

" All that I have proffer'd, I pr'y thee now take,
And do thy endeavour my peace for to make,
Besides forty shillings I will give thee a ring,
If thou wilt not betray me to William our King."

" Your three hounds I tell you, I never will take,
Nor yet your three hawks your peace to make ;
Nor will I be brib'd by your forty shillings,
But I will betray you to William our King.

" As I am a keeper, I will not be unjust,
Nor for a gold ring will I forfeit my trust ;
I will bring you before him as sure as a gun,
And there you shall answer for what you have
done."

" Thou art a bold fellow," the King he reply'd,
" What, dost thou not see the star on my side.
This forest is mine, I would have you to know,
Then what is the reason you threaten me so ? "

With that the bold keeper he fell on his knees,
A trembling fear all his spirits did seize,
The picture of death appear'd on his face ;
He knew not at first the king was in that place.

" O pardon, O pardon, my sovereign liege,
For your royal pardon I beg and beseech.
Alas ! my poor heart in my breast is cold ;
O let me not suffer for being so bold."

" Get up, honest fellow, and shake off thy fears ;
In thee there is nothing of folly appears :
If every one was as faithful as thee,
What a blessed prince would King William be !

" Because I'd encourage such fellows as you,
I'll make thee my ranger ; If that will not do,
Thou shalt be a captain by sea or by land,
And high in my favour thou ever shall stand."

The keeper replied, " My sovereign Lord,
Sure I am not worthy of such a reward ;
Yet nevertheless your true keeper I'll be,
Because I am fearful to venture to sea."

At which the King laugh'd till his sides he did hold,
And threw him down fifty guineas in gold,
And bid him make haste to Kensington Court,
Where of this jest he would make much sport.

" And when you come there, pray ask for long Jack,
Who wears pomegranates of gold on his back ;
Likewise a green pheasant upon his right sleeve,
I warrant he's a true man, you may him believe.

" He's one of my porters who stands at my gate,
To let in my nobles both early and late,
And therefore good fellow, come up without fear,
I'll make thee my ranger of parks far and near."

FROM " THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS."

There was an older version of this song called " THE
LOYAL FORRISTER."

THE FIVE MARKS

FIVE gen'ral sorts of *Flying Marks* there are ;
 The *Lineals* two, *Traverse* and *Circular* ;
 The Fifth *Oblique*, which I may vainly teach ;
 But Practice only perfectly can reach.

When a Bird comes directly to your Face,
 Contain your Fire awhile, and let her pass,
 Unless some Trees behind you change the Case.
 If so, a little space above her Head
 Advance the Muzzle, and you strike her dead.
 Ever let Shot pursue where there is room ;
 Marks, hard before, thus easy will become.

But, when the Bird flies from you in a line
 With little Care, I may pronounce her thine.
 Observe the Rule before, and neatly raise
 Your piece, till there's no *Open Under-Space*
 Betwixt the Object and the *Silver Sight* ;
 Then send away, and timely stop the Flight.

Th'unlucky *Cross Mark*, or the *Traverse Shoot*,
 By some thought easy, yet admits Dispute,
 As the most common Practice is, to Fire
 Before the Bird, will nicest time require :
 For, too much Space allow'd, the Shot will fly
 All innocent, and pass too nimbly by ;
 Too little Space, the Partridge swift as Wind,
 Will dart athwart, and bilk her Death behind.
 This makes the Point so difficult to guess ;
 'Cause you must be exact in Time, or miss.
 Where the swift Shot will sure *Overtake* ;

Nor need the Sportsman such strict Measures
make :

And better will the *Lineal Aim* allow
A Hundred Inches, than the *Cross Mark* Two.

Full Forty Yards, or more to th'Left or Right,
The Partridge then *Obliquely* takes her Flight.
You've there th'Advantage of a *Sideling Line*,
Be careful, nor her inward side decline :
Else just behind the Bird the Shot will glance :
Nor have you any Hopes from *Flying Chance*.

Thus in the Mark which is stil'd *Circular*,
There's nothing more requir'd, but steady care
T'attend the Motion of the Bird, and gain
The best and farthest *Lineal Point* you can ;
Carrying your Piece around, have Patience till
The Mark's at best Extent, then fire and kill.

PTERYPLEGIA, OR, THE ART OF SHOOTING FLYING.

GEORGE MARKLAND.

NEITHER TOO SOON NOR TOO LATE

THERE sprung a single Partridge—ha ! she's
gone !

Oh ! Sir, you'd Time enough, you shot too soon ;
Scarce Twenty Yards in open Sight !—for Shame !
Y'had shattered Her to Pieces with right Aim !

Full forty Yards permit the Bird to go,
The spreading Gun will surer Mischief sow ;
But, when too near the flying Object is,
You certainly will mangle it, or miss ;
And if too far, you may so slightly wound,
To kill the Bird, and yet not bring to Ground.

NOON

ENOUGH ! enough ! no longer we pursue
 The scattered covey in the tainted dew.
 No more we charge, nor new excursions make,
 Nor beat the copse, the bean-field, nor the brake.
 O pleasing sport ! far better prized than wealth !
 Thou spring of spirits, and thou source of health,
 Thou giv'st, when thus our leisure we employ,
 To life the relish, and the zest to joy.
 O may I still on rural pleasures bent,
 Rove devious in sequester'd fields of Kent ;
 Ease, study, exercise successive blend,
 Nor want the blessing of a cheerful friend !

Forbear, my dogs ! now mid-day heats prevail,
 The scent grows languid in the sultry gale ;
 Herds seek the shades where cooling fountains
 well,
 And sweet the music of your noon-tide bell.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING, AN ECLOGUE.

FRANCIS FAWKES, 1767.

THE SCHOOLBOY

OR, when atop the hoary western hill
 The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
 When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
 And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
 The gamesome Trout then shews her silverie skin,
 As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
 Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,¹

¹ Cease.

Then dropt with pearle and golde, displays her
sides,

While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame
divides.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands ;

Well has the urchin markt her mery play,

An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,

And leads the mimick fly across her way ;

Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,

The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treacher eyes,

Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay ;

Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,

Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless
prize.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fateful twitch ;

Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypitch

Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the beech

Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright ;

In vain the deepest rocke, her late delight,

In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries ;

The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,

The more entangled still the more she flies,

And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity ! where that sprightly play,

That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,

That lately welcomed the retourning ray,

When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,

April walkd forth—Ah ! never more to toy

In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies !

SIR MARTYN WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, 1777.

BIRDS THAT ABOUND IN SCOTLAND

THE lakes and mountains swarm with copious
game ;

The wildgoose gray, and heathcock hairy-legg'd,
White soland, that on Bass and Ailsa build ;
The woodcock slender billed, and marshy snipe,
The free-bred duck, that scorns the wiles of men,
Soaring beyond the thunder of the gun ;
Yet oft her crafty fellow, trained to guile,
And forging love, decoys her to the snare,
There witnesses her fate, with shameless brow.
Why should I here the fruitful pigeon name,
Or long-necked heron, dread of nimble eels,
The glossy swan, that loaths to look a-down,
Or the close covey vexed with various woes ?
While sad, they sit their anxious mother round,
With dismal shade the closing net descends ;
Or, by the sudden gun, they fluttering fall,
And vile with blood, is stained their freckled down.

SCOTTISH DESCRIPTIVE POEMS, 1803. J. LEYDEN.

A SCOTTISH HUNT

I

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red

Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

2

As Chief who hears his warder call
"To arms! The foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

3

Yell'd on the view the opening pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout ;

With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

4

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old ;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

5

The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er

Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

6

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost Horseman rode alone.

7

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring Stag strain'd full in view.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game ;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds staunch ;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

8

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way ;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew ;
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock ;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trossach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took,
There, while close couch'd the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain,
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

WALTER SCOTT.

ON ETTRICK'S FOREST

ON Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blythe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude ;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where grey-haired shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blythe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings ;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blythe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide ;
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear ;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blythe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel ;

While the grey tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My Blessings on the Forest fair.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE POACHER'S HUT

APPROACH, and through the unlatticed window
peep—

Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep ;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand ;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade ;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for tools, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight, run when moon was
none,
And late-snatched spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To await the associate higgler's evening cart.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE JOYOUS SPORT

Constance.

Worthy sir,

Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred
vein.

The life that you love, I love. Well I know,
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold
chase,

You stand without a peer ; and for myself
I dare avow 'mong such, none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wildrake. Churl were he

That would gainsay you, madam !

Constance (courtesying). What delight

To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed !—seems native more of air
Than earth !—whose burden only lends him
fire !—

Whose soul in his task, turns labour into sport !
Who makes your pastime his ! I sit him now !
He takes away my breath !—he makes me
reel !

I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion !

Wildrake. You are used,

I see, to the chase.

Constance. I am, Sir ! Then the leap,

To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it ! Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him
rein,

And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes
Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake. 'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turn'd you, madam.

Constance. Sir, you're good !
And then the hounds, sir. Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.
The training's everything ! Keen on the
scent !

At fault none losing heart !—but all at work !
None leaving his task to another !—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or
cheer

As steed his rider's rein ! Away they go !
How close they keep together !—What a pack !
Nor turn nor ditch nor stream divides them
—as

They moved with one intelligence, act, will !
And then the concert they keep up !—enough
To make one tenant of the merry-wood,
To list their jocund music !

Wildrake. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life !

Constance. I love it !
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday !—Not a hill-top
But then alive !—Footmen with horsemen
vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigour, health, and joy !—Cheer awakes
cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din ! Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees
itself,

And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad !
Breaks into tenfold mirth !—laughs like a
child !

Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free !
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich !
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before !

THE LOVE CHASE, Act II., Sc. 3, by JAMES SHERIDAN
KNOWLES, 1837.

MEMORIES OF HARROW

HIGH through those elms, with hoary branches
crown'd,

Fair Ida's bower adorns the landscape round ;
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise :
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue,
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
Flush'd with his rays beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course,

Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
Oft have we drained the font of ancient lore ;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one :
Together we impelled the flying ball ;

Together waited in our tutor's hall ;
Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore ;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

FROM "HOURS OF IDLENESS," BY BYRON.

SKATING IN LAKELAND

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,
I heeded not their summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west

The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !

From " THE PRELUDE," by W. WORDSWORTH, 1850.

THE THREE JOLLY HUNTSMEN

It's of three jolly huntsmen,
And they went out one day,
To hunt poor bold Reynolds,
It was the hue and cry.

Chorus

With my whoop, whoop, holloa !
Come along, my brave boys,
And it's good, the huntsman cries :
With my wivvy, wivvy wink,
And my chivvy, chivvy chink,
And over the downs we ride.

The first we saw was an old woman,
She was curling of her locks,
She swore she saw bold Reynolds
Run among the geese and ducks.

The next we saw was a shepherd,
With the sheep-crook in his hand,
He swore he saw bold Reynolds
Run among the ewes and lambs.

The next we saw was a blind man,
As blind as he could be,
He swore he saw bold Reynolds
A-climbing yonder high tree.

The next we saw was a carter,
With the plough-paddle in his hand,
He swore he saw bold Reynolds
Run across the new-ploughed land.

The next we saw was a miller,
A-looking out of his mill,
He swore he saw bold Reynolds
Run over yonder high hill.

The next we saw was a parson,
And he was dressed in black,
He swore he saw bold Reynolds
Tied to the huntsman's back.

Country Verger's version of an old song, with many variations.

"Reynard" often becomes "Reynolds," a more familiar name, in rustic parlance.

SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY
SKY

SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaims a hunting morning,
Before the sun rise, we nimbly fly,
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.

To horse, my boys, to horse away,
The chase admits of no delay ;

On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.

On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.

Leave off your chat, see if the cover appear,
The hound that strikes first, cheer him without
fear.

Drag on him, ah, wind him, my steady good
hound,

Drag on him, ah, wind him, the cover resounds.

How completely the cover and furze they draw,
Who talks of Bany or Meynell ?

Young Lasher he flourishes now thro' the shaw,
And Saucebox roars out in his kennel.

Away we fly as quick as thought,

The new-sown ground soon makes them fault ;

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast
round,

Try back the deep lane, try back, try back.

Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in yonder
spring sedge.

Comfort Bitch hits it off in that old thick hedge.

Hark forward, hark forward, have at him, my
boys,

Hark forward, hark forward, zounds, don't make
a noise.

A stormy sky overcharged with rain,
Both hounds and huntsmen opposes.
In vain on your mettle, you try, boys, in vain,
But down you must go to your noses.
 Each moment the sky now grows worse,
 Enough to make a parson curse ;
 Prick thro' the plow'd ground, prick through,
 prick through ;
 Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well
 hunted.
If we can but go on, we shall soon make him quake ;
Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of
 the brake,
 Tally-ho, Tally-ho, there across the green plain,
 Tally-ho, Tally-ho, boys, have at him again.

Thus we ride, whip and spur, for a two hours' chace,
Our horses go panting and sobbing,
Young Madcap and Riot begin now to race.
Ride on, Sir, and give him some mobbing.
 But hold, alas, you'll spoil our sport,
 For thro' the Hounds you'll head him short,
 Clap round him, dear pack, clap round, clap
 round ;
 Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark
 back.
He's jumping and dodging in every bush,
Little Riot has fastened her teeth in his brush.
 Whoo'hoop, whoo'hoop, he's fairly run down,
 Whoo'hoop, whoo'hoop, he's fairly run down.

CRAMPION BALLADS, before 1811.

JOHN PEEL

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gay ?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day ?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning ?
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay ?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led ;
 Peel's " View halloo " would awaken the dead
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES, about 1825.

NOTE.—John Peel of Caldbeck was born on 13th November, 1776. He came of an old Yeoman stock. He stood 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings, and was big limbed and broad shouldered. He kept a pack of 12 couple of mongrels of all sorts and sizes and was his own huntsman and whip until his son John was old enough to act as his whipper-in. The author of the song, JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES, was a mill-owner in the district and a friend of Peel's. He wrote the song to be sung to the tune of " Annie Laurie." John Peel died after a short illness on 13th November, 1854.

HOLCOMBE SONG

'Tis a fine hunting day and as balmy as May,
 And the hounds to the village will come ;
 Every friend will be there, and all trouble and care,
 Will be left far behind us at home.
 See the servants and steeds on their way,
 And sportsmen their scarlet display ;
 Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
 And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting to-day,
 All nature is smiling and gay ;
 Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing
 along,
 And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Father Hodge to his dame says, " I'm sixty and
 lame,

Times are hard and my rent I can't pay ;
But I don't care a jot if I raise it or not,
For I must go out hunting to-day.
There's a hare in the spinney they say,
Let us find her, and get her away ;
I'll be first up yon hill, and be in at the kill :
For I must go a-hunting to-day."

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting, etc.

See the doctor in boots, with a breakfast that
suits
Of strong home-brewed ale and good beef ;
His patients in pain say, " I've called once again
To consult you in hope of relief."
To the poor he advice gives away ;
To the rich he prescribes, and takes pay :
But to each one he says, " You'll shortly be dead,
If you don't go a-hunting to-day."

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting, etc.

Then the judge sits in court, and gets wind of the
sport,
For the lawyers apply to adjourn ;
And no witnesses come, there are none left at
home,
They have followed the hounds and the horn.
Says his worship, " Great fines shall they pay,
If they will not our summons obey :
But 'tis very fine sport, so we'll break up the
court,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting, etc.

Then the village bells chime, there's a wedding
at nine,
And the parson unites the fond pair ;
But when he heard the sweet sound of the horn and
the hounds,
And he knew 'twas his time to be there,
Says he, " For your welfare I'll pray,
And regret I no longer can stay,
You are safely made one, I must quickly be gone :
For I must go a-hunting to-day."

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting, etc.

None are left in the lurch, for all friends of the
church,
With beades and clerks are all there,
They determine to go and to shout Tally ho !
And the bell-ringers joined in the rear
With the bridegroom and bride in array,
Each one to the other did say,
" Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing
alone,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting, etc.

There's only one cure for all, melody sure,
That reaches the heart to its core ;
'Tis the sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more ?

It turneth the grieved into gay,
Makes pain unto pleasure give way ;
Makes the weak become strong, and the old become
 young :
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Chorus

So we'll all go a-hunting to-day,
All nature is smiling and gay ;
Let's join the glad throng that goes laughing
 along,
For we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

LANCASHIRE HUNTING SONG.

NOTE.—The Holcombe Hunt is said to be the oldest pack with a continued existence. The hounds were huge, yet so heavily built that they could be hunted with on foot.

HUNTING SONG

I

STAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !
Web-footed otters are spear'd in the lochs ;
Beasts of the chace are not worth a Tally-ho !
All are surpassed by the gorse-cover fox !
 Fishing, though pleasant,
 I sing not at present,
 Nor shooting the pheasant,
 Nor fighting of cocks ;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox !

II

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks ;
Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter,
nor

Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
Spain may delight in
A sport so exciting ;
Whilst 'stead of bull-fighting
We fatten the ox ;
Song shall declare a way, etc.

England's green pastures are graz'd in security,
Thanks to the Saxon who car'd for our flocks !
He who reserving the sport for futurity,
Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.

When joviality
Chases formality,
When hospitality
Cellars unlocks ;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox.

R. E. EGERTON Warburton, 1845.

FARMER DOBBIN

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS

"OULD mon, it's welly milkin toim, where ever
'aft 'ee bin ?

Thears slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, and blood upo'
thoi chin."

"Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a
run ;

Owd wench ! oiv been a hunting, an oiv seen some
rattling fun.

"Th' owd mare was i' the smithy when the hunts-
man he trots through,

Black Bill agate o' 'ammering the last nail in her
shoe ;

The cover laid so wheam loik, an' so jovial foin the
day,

Says I, 'Owd mare, we'll tak a fling and see 'm go
away."

"When up, an oi'd got shut ov aw the hackney
pads and traps,

'Orse dealers an' 'orse jockey-lads, and such loik
swaggering chaps,

Then what a power o' gentlefolk did I set oies upon !
A reining in their hunters, aw blood 'orses every
one !

"They'd aw got bookskin leathers on, a sitten
'em so toight,

As roind an' plump as turmits be, and just about as
whoit ;

Their spurs wor made o' siller, and their buttons
made o' brass,
Their coats wor red as carrots an' their collurs
green as grass.

" A varmint-looking gemman on a woiry tit I
seed,
And anither close besod him sitting noble on his
steed ;
They ca' them both owd codgers, but as fresh as
paint they look,
John Glegg, Esquoir, o' Withington, an' bowd Sir
Richard Brooke.

" I seed Squoir Geoffrey Shakerley, the best 'un o'
that breed,
His smiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi'
him agreed ;
I see the 'Arl ov Grovenor, a loiky lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly
young broid.

" Zur Umferry de Trafford an' the Squoire ov
Arley Haw,
His pocket full o' rigmarole, a rhoiming on em'
aw ;
Two members for the Cointy; both aloik ca'd
Egerton ;
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummas Brooks, they'd
aw green collurs on.

" Eh ! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Astle Haw,
Esquoir,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow in
the shoir ;

Squoir Wibraham o' the Forest, death and danger
he defoies,
When his coat be tightly button'd, and shut be
both his oies.

" The Honorable Lazzles, who from forrin parts
be cum,
An a chip o' owd Lord Delamere, the Honorable
Tum ;
Squoir Fox an' Booth an' Worthington, Squoir
Massay an' Squoir Harne,
An' many more big sportsmen, but their neames I
didna larn.

" I seed that great commander in the saddle,
Captain Whoite,
An' the pack as thrugg'd about him was indeed a
gradely soight ;
The dugs looked foin as satin, an' himself look'd
hard as nails,
An' he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo'
their tails.

" Says he, ' Young men o' Monchester an Livver-
poo, cum near,
Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in
your ear ;
When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd
Reynard burst,
We canna 'ave no' unting if the gemmen go it first.'

" Tom Rance has got a single oie, worth many
another's two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he'd had
a view ;

Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he
skroik'd out ' Tally-ho,'
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace he thought
it toim to go.

" Eh moy ! a pratty jingle then went ringin through
the skoy,
Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry croy,
Then every maith was open from the oud'un to
the pup,
An' aw the pack together took the swelling chorus
up.

" Eh moy ! a pratty skouever then was kick'd
up in the vale,
They skimm'd across the running brook, they
topp'd the post an' rail,
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play'd at
touch an' go,
An' them as miss'd a footin there lay doubled up
below.

" I seed the 'ounds a crossing Farmer Flareup's
boundary loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany and drinks whoit
sherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger an' silk stockings on
her feet ;
Says I, ' It wont do him no harm to roid across
his wheat.'

" So, thoightly houdin on by'th yed, I hits th'owd
mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o' the wheatfield neck
an' crop ;

An' when hoo floinder'd out on it I catch'd another
spin,
An', missis, that the cagion o' the blood upo' my
chin.

" I never oss'd another lep, but kep the lane, an'
then
In twenty minutes toim about they turn'd toart me
agen ;
The fox was foinly daggled, and the tits aw out o'
breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an' owd Dobbin
seed the death.

" Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntsman
hove him up,
The dugs a bayin round him, while the gemman
croid ' Whoo-hup ! '
As do some cawves lick fleetings out o' th' piggin
in the shed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail
an' yed.

" Now, missis, sin the markets be a doing moderate
well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag
mysel ;
For to keep a farmer's spirits up, gen things be
gettin low,
Theer's nothin loik Fox-huntin an' a rattling Tally-
ho ! "

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1853.

OLD OULTON LOWE

The run mentioned in this song took place on February 16th, 1833. Sir H. Mainwaring was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds (for a period of nineteen years); Joe Maiden was huntsman.

BAD luck to the Country, the clock had struck two,
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew;
When each heart felt a thrill at the found, "Tally-
ho."

Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calverley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laughed at us all;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah, we little thought then that the race was her
last;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her
blood;
But why cry for spilt milk? May the next be as
good.

'Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black
mare;
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow,
First, foremost, and fleetest from Old Oulton
Lowe.

How Delamere went it were useless to tell,
To say he was out is to say he went well;

A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;
In the chase as in war, we must all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of " coercion " and great " agitation."

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
" Their bristles are up, Sir, they're hard at him
now."

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
" Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you
ride ? "

How he chuckled to see the long tails in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd " whoo-hoop,"
While he thought of the lion that eat him half up ;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his
dinner,

He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

Oh, where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh, where, and oh, where, was the Wistaston steed ?
Dead beat, still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd
him,

He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that
kick'd him.

The Cestrian chestnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.

Where now is Dollgosh ? Where the racer from
 Da'enham ?
 Such fast ones as these, what mishap has o'ertaken
 'em ?

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
 (Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain.)
 " Have you seen a brown horse ? " " No, indeed,
 Sir, but pray,
 In the course of your ramble have You seen a
 grey ? "

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer
 Whom he found in the street, with his head rather
 queer,
 So Dobbin was loos'd from his work at the plough,
 To assist a proud hunter stuck fast in a slough.

I advocate " movement " when shown in a horse,
 But I love in my heart a " conservative " gorse ;
 Long life to Sir Philip ; we'll drink ere we go,
 Old times, and old Cheshire, and Old Oulton Lowe.

R. E. EGERTON Warburton, 1833.

THE TARWOOD RUN

This run took place on December 24, 1845, with the Heythrop hounds. The second Lord Redesdale was at that time Master, Jem Hill the huntsman, Jack Goddard and Charles the whips. With the exception of touching one corner of Boys Wood, the fox ran in the open for one hour and forty-two minutes, distance about twenty miles.

HE waited not—he was not found—
 No warning note from eager hound,

But echo of the distant horn,
From outskirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
Proclaimed that he was gone away.
Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown ;
Away ! away ! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
He viewed the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, wav'd his hat ;
He saw him clear, with bounding heel,
The water that had wash'd his wheel ;
Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away like arrow sped
From cloth-yard bow he shot ahead.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he passed,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, passing Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew.
At Grafton first his course inclin'd,
And Kelmscote now is left behind.

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with their classic wave,
O'er those meadows stealing on
Toward the Bridge of good St. John,
He near'd the stream as if to swim,
Then schem'd a feint to puzzle Jem ;

His footsteps in the margin sink,
And taint the sedges on the brink,
Then springing back, he seem'd to say,
"Those who like to cross it may."

Now clamorous on the tainted track
Close follow the deluded pack ;
Each hound impetuous stems the tide,
And shakes himself on th'other side ;
But Jem who viewed him, wide awake
To every dodge a fox can make ;
His wily tricks to circumvent
Recall'd them to the missing scent ;
No aid save that, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away ! but with abated speed,
O'er fallow brown, o'er verdant mead,
O'er soil deep furrow'd by the plough,
No child's play is the struggle now ;
Now over paled park he bounds,
A trespasser on Milward's grounds.
To Lechlade now the pack he leads,
Now close to Little Hemmel speeds ;
To Fairford thence he wended straight,
Still struggling to the last with Fate,
Though now the pack approaching nigh
He heard his death note in the cry.
They view him now—now seem'd their race
The very lightning of the chase :
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane ;
He strove to cross, but strove in vain ;
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died !

This gallant fox in Tarwood found
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground,
Had sought no shelter for his flight
In covert either left or right ;
But nigh two hours the open kept
As stout a fox as ever stept !

That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
Though rumour says of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.
Till midday's sun had made the ground
Fit treading for the foot of hound,
Compell'd their pastime to delay,
They wiled in chat an hour away :
How bitter overnight the frost !
How many a joke without it lost !

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

It seem'd while passing Cokethorpe by,
As though there was no fence to fly ;
Though slash'd and sluic'd with many a
 drain,
Yet seemingly one open plain ;
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Brampton to the river's bounds,
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a nag of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the field divide

With watery ditch on either side.
By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,
And rotten bank and tottering wall
Were crumbled by the frequent fall.
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fixed incumbrance on the land ;
While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valencia fell ;
He rode, they say, like one bewitched,
Till headlong from the saddle pitched ;
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chase ;
He bade the Huntsman to forbear
His proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
" Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !
The Tarwood fox must die to-day ! "
The rear pulled up with one accord,
Assiduous to assist a Lord ;
Some say their steeds were sorely blown,
Such idle falsehoods I disown.
Valentia fell—nor he alone ;
Here Jem in mid-career was thrown ;
His heels they in the breastplate swung,
His head low down on earth it hung ;
While Spangle on the blackthorn lay,
Like dewdrop quivering on the spray ;

Soon man and horse regained their feet,
And struggling up, Jem reached his seat.

Poor Spangle's lustre worn away—
"Thou laggard groom! why this delay?
Oh! Juliet! where art thou? where?
A thousand guineas for the mare!"
With words more touching, grief more true,
Could Romeo her absence rue?
Those meadows by the Isis bound,
Jem reached ere Juliet he found;
Well, thence, with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she played.

Fair Beatrice! as yet I ween
But little sport that mare had seen;
Now guided by the hand of Jack
She never lost again the pack.
Charles, brought to sorrow in the run,
Came struggling up ere all was done;
In dyke o'erflowing "Fungus" fell,
A plant that loves the water well;
For minutes ten or thereabout
He bathed—and then he flounder'd out.
By application of the spur rowel
Charles rubbed him dry without a towel.

As on the pack by Kelmscote flew,
What meant those coats of scarlet hue?
Who were they by the neighbouring wood,
Who heedless of the scurry stood?
The Valley of the White Horse pack,
While idle steeds their riders back,
Impatient range the covert round,
Their morning fox as yet unfound.
That Huntsman's horn and echoing cheer
Was music sweet to straggler's ear;
And they who felt the pace too hot
Sought gladly there a resting-spot.

Thus fleets, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safe at anchor lie,
There seek the shelter of the gale,
With helm revers'd and slacken'd sail.
Thus patriots, faint of heart, who deem
Some honest measure too extreme,
No longer to their colours true,
Take refuge in the "juste milieu."
The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;
And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollit ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.
When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
With Rival's portrait on the wall
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
How Whimsey led the pack at first ;
When Reynard from the woodside burst ;
How Pamela, the puppy hound,
First seized him, struggling on the ground ;
How Prudence shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How Alderman, a foxhound staunch,

Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires, when following thee, upset
Right Honourable Baronet ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three bitches led the tuneful throng,
All worthy of a place in song ;
Old Fairplay, ne'er at skirting caught,
And Pensive, speeding quick as thought ;
While Handsome prov'd the adage true,
They handsome are that handsome do !

Then long may courteous Redesdale live !
And oft his packs such gallops give !
Should fox again so stoutly run,
May I be there to see the fun.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

THE COSTON RUN

With the Belvoir Hounds, January 17, 1863.

BUT little need was there to-day
By Coston Thorns awhile to stay ;
For scarce the eastern side we gain,
Scarce tighten girth and bridle rein,
Ere Cooper's halloa sounds away !
A gallant fox brooks no delay.
Hold hard ! a pause—the eager pack,
Their bristles up, no courage lack,
But clear the covert at a bound,
And earnest seek the open ground.
A moment feather here and there,

A moment sniff the tainted air,
Then, dashing to the scent, they show
No common pace they mean to go.
Without a check they hold their own
Along the grass to Garthorpe town,
Then mount the hill, and quietly gain
The spinney crowning Saxby plain.
Away—at undiminished pace,
By Freeby village on they race ;
Then seek the heavy fields which lie
Left of the wood of Brentingby,
Where many a rider, stayed perforce,
Was glad to breathe his faltering horse.
For thirty minutes now had stood
The fox before he reached the wood.
Will he its friendly shelter try ?
Not he, his motto's do or die.
He leaves it boldly on the right,
And urges on his headlong flight,
Aspires to reach his own abode,
And crosses o'er the Melton Road.
For now, on Melton spinney bent,
He shapes his course with best intent,
Descends the hill which thither leads,
And hastens o'er its molehill meads.
For distant now not many a rood,
That spinney can aloft be view'd.
But, ah ! the wind is in his teeth,
A shift he tries to save his breath ;
He dare not, cannot, onwards stay,
But tacks and holds another way.
For Waltham makes an effort bold,
And gains the village's stronghold.
A vain attempt to further fly,
Exhausted nature must deny.

A last retreat—last hope of all—
He seeks beneath a sheltering stall,
Must the brave beast, his labours o'er,
His blood upon the threshold pour ?
He died—as heroes oft have done—
Fresh from the laurels they have won.
For few the foxes who could stay
Before the hounds who ran to-day,
Near fifty minutes, and the pace,
From end to end, almost a race.
Those hounds, who first and foremost shone,
Old Rallywood would not disown.
For stoutness well might they aspire
To all the merits of their sire.
To hunt, to race, to hold the lead,
None ere can beat his matchless breed.
For if no fox they hunt—beware !
They love to hunt the timid hare.
Yet only half my story's told,
If I forget the riders bold,
Who, starting from the covert side,
Throughout the chase did foremost ride.
They scarce exceeded half a score,
They might be less, they might be more,
For every one who hunts, we know,
Comes out with the intent to go ;
But when the fences bristle thick,
Looks out for squalls, and loves to pick.
The Melton men, ah ! where are they,
With Tailby on the grass away ?
Not here to criticise the plough,
And struggle through the holding slough ;
And so but half a score did see
As good a run as well could be.
No matter then to mention name,

Are they not known enough to fame ?
 Suffice it—they enjoyed the fun,
 Rode straight to hounds and saw the run.
 And may they all again essay
 To ride as well another day.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SQUIRE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE 'Squire with half-smok'd pipe in hand,
 Desir'd the Doctor to command
 Whatever Nimrod-Hall possess'd,
 And prove himself a welcome guest,
 With some good neighbours, sportsmen all
 Who had just sought the shelt'ring hall.
 Dinner was serv'd, each took his place,
 And a *View Halloo* was the grace :
 But soon the Doctor did retire
 From noisy table to the fire,
 To hear the chit-chat of the 'Squire.
 Nor did the far-fam'd Nimrod balk
 His fancy for an hour's talk.

Nimrod

" My life, I rather fear, supplies,
 But little you may not despise :
 But still, you sages of the schools,
 Will not declare us sportsmen fools,
 If each, in his due weight and measure
 Should analyse his pain and pleasure !
 'Tis for forty years and more,
 (For I have long been past threescore,)
 My life has never ceas'd to be
 One scene of rural jollity :

But hurrying Time has fled so fast,
My former pastimes all are past :
Yet, though our nature's seasons are,
Mix'd up with portion due of care ;
Though I have many dangers run,
I'm still alive at seventy-one.
—Nimrod was always in his place ;
He was the first in ev'ry chace ;
Nor last, when o'er th'enliv'ning bowl,
The hunters felt the flow of soul.
The first, when, at the break of day,
It was—To Cover, hark away !
The last, when midnight heard the strain
Which sung the pleasures of the plain."

Syntax

" But hunting lasts not all the year :
How did you then the moments cheer ?
In the vacation of your sport
To what employ did you resort ?
You read, perhaps, and can unfold
How in old times the hunter bold,
Did with strong lance and jav'lin slay
The brindled lion as his prey,
Or chac'd the boar, or sought reward
In spotted cloathing of the pard."

Nimrod.

" I've not quite lost the little knowledge,
Which I obtain'd in school and college ;
But the old Greeks, those fighting-cocks,
Did not pretend to hunt the fox :
For where, think you, their hounds were bred ;
Or how, think you, their dogs were fed,
If it be true as I have read,

That, in a freak and at a sup,
They'd turn and eat their huntsman up.
—No, Sir, my books enjoy themselves
In long known quiet on their shelves.
—In Summer, when the chace is o'er,
And echoing horn is heard no more,
The harvest then employ'd my care,
The sheafs to bind, the flocks to shear ;
The autumn did its fruitage yield
In ev'ry orchard, ev'ry field,
And the emptied casks receive
The juice Pomona loves to give.
The winter comes and once again
Echos awake in wood and plain,
And the loud cry of men and hound,
Was heard again the country round :
Though I those days no more shall see,
They're gone and past and lost to me :
But as a poet doth relate
When the world's victor feasting sat,
And trumpets gave the martial strain,
He fought his battles o'er again ;
Thus I can from my windows see
Scenes of the Nimrod chivalry ;
And with these old dogs on the floor,
I talk the former chaces o'er.
There's *Music*, whose melodious tone
Was to each pathless covert known ;
And *Captain* who was never wrong
Whenever heard to give his tongue ;
Then *Parragon* whose nose could boast,
To gain the trail whenever lost ;
And *Darling*, in the scented track
Would often lead the clam'rous pack ;
While Reynard chill despair would feel

When *Favourite* was at his heel,
 Doctor, these dogs which round me lay,
 Were famous creatures in their day,
 And while they live they ne'er shall cease,
 To know what plenty is and peace ;
 Be my companions as you see,
 And eke out their old age with me.
 With them I sit and feel the glow
 Which fond remembrance doth bestow :
 And when in fancy's dream, I hear
 The tumults break upon my ear ;
 The shouting cry, the joyous sounds
 Of huntsmen and the deep-mouth'd hounds ;
 My old age ceases to lament
 My crippled limbs, my vigour spent ;
 I, for those moments, lose my pain,
 And halloo as if young again.
 'Tis true, from leaps I've dar'd to take,
 That I have often risk'd my neck ;
 But though, thank Heaven, I've sav'd my
 back ;
 My ev'ry rib has had a crack,
 And twice, 'tis true, the surgeon's hand
 Has my hard batter'd skull trepann'd ;
 To which I add a broken arm ;
 And now I've told you all the harm
 Which my remembrance bids me trace
 In my adventures of the chace.
 —For these swell'd hands and tender feet
 That fix me in this gouty seat,
 Which keep me coop'd as I appear,
 And as you see me sitting here,
 'Twas not my age of hunting past,
 Which thus have kennell'd me at last :
 It is Port-wine and that alone

Which brought these wretched symptoms on.
'Twas not the pleasures of the day
That bade my stubborn health decay,
But the libations of the night,
To which I owe this piteous plight.
Now of this mansion take a view,
And, Doctor, I believe it true,
Could it be gag'd and fill'd with liquor,
Myself, my sportsmen and the Vicar,
Whate'er of wine it might contain,
Have drank it o'er and o'er again.
—Philosophers and sage grave men
Have by their preaching and their pen,
Enforc'd it as a certain rule
Of conduct in the human school,
That some prime feeling doth preside
In each man's bosom as his guide,
Or right or wrong, as it may prove
The passions and affections move.
Thus some on lower objects pore,
Others aloft sublimely soar,
While many take the devious way,
And scarce know how or where they stray.
But I ne'er thought of moving higher
Than a plain, hunting Country-'Squire,
And you will think, perhaps, my aim
Has been content with vulgar fame,
When it has been my highest boast,
To ride the best, and drink the most ;
To guide the hounds with matchless grace,
To be the leader of the chace,
And when 'twas over, to be able
To lay my guests beneath the table,
While I with no unsteady head,
Could walk unstagg'ring to my bed.

Laugh at a milk-sop's wimp'ring sorrow,
Nor feel a head-ache on the morrow.
You grave Divines perhaps may flout it,
But still I love to talk about it,
And sometimes too my neighbours join ;
Though, while they take their gen'rous wine,
I feel, at length, 'tis very cruel
To pledge their toasts in water-gruel."

From "THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX," by WILLIAM
COMBE, 1820.

THE BAD SQUIRE

THE merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran ;
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

.

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light ;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

From "YEAST," by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports
are begun,
Confusion but hear, I bet you sir, done :
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and
near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear ;
While with neck like a rainbow erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching
his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and
ditch rush,
Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
Thro' marsh, fen and brier, led by their sly prey,
They by scent, and by view, chace a long tedious
way ;
While alike born for sports of the field and the
course,

Always sure to come through—a stanch and fleet
horse ;

When fairly run down, the Fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with
some blood,

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dame won this sweep, his sire won that
race,

And what matches he won to the hostlers count
o'er,

As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-house
door,

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,

The high-mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last having labour'd, dragg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands
still ;

And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart that he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

POPULAR BALLAD. It is included in " A Collection of
Songs " by Charles Dibdin, though it is certainly not
by that writer.

LIMERICK RACES

I AM a simple Irish lad, I've resolv'd to have some
fun, sirs,
So to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come,
sirs ;
Oh, murther ! what a precious place, and what a
charming city,
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all
so pretty.
Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy O,
Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy O.

It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting car
and gambols ;
I looked along the road what was lined with smiling
faces,
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a coach-and-four I neatly took my place,
sirs,
When a chap calls out, " behind ! " and the coach-
man dealt a blow, sirs,
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in
his poll, sirs.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay,
sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was
gay, sirs ;

It's then I spied a wooden house and in the upper
story,
The band struck up a tune, called, " Garry Owen
and glory."

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and
lasses dancing,
And chaps upon their nags round the course, sure,
they were prancing ;
Some was drinking whisky punch, while others
bawl'd out gaily,
Hurrah, then for the shamrock green, and the
splinter of shillelah.

There was betters to and fro, to see who would
win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps of course came up
to me, sirs ;
Says he, " I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put
it down this minute,"
" Ah, then, ten to one," says I, " the foremost
one will win it."

When the players came to town, what a funny set
was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play ;
They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and every-
thing so gaily,
But I found myself at home when they struck
up Paddy Carey.
Musha ring a da, etc.

From " THE CRAMPTON BALLADS."

SEPARATION

DON'T talk of September!—a lady
 Must think it of all months the worst!
 The men are preparing already
 To take themselves off on the First:
 I try to arrange a small party,
 The girls dance together—how tame!
 I'd get up *my* game of écarté,
 But *they* go to bring down *their* game.

Last month, their attention to quicken,
 A supper I knew was the thing;
 But now from my turkey and chicken
 They're tempted by birds on the wing.
 They shoulder their terrible rifles,
 (It's really too much for my nerves!)
 And slighting *my sweets and my trifles*,
 Prefer my Lord Harry's *preserves*.

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
 Now hears of the horrible plan,
 And fears that her little flirtation
 Was only a flash in the pan!
 Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
 The men are all sparing of words;
 And now, 'stead of *popping the question*,
 They set off to *pop at the birds*.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
 That love at the sight of you dies;
 You care not for locks on the forehead,
 The *locks* made by Manton you prize!

All thoughts sentimental *exploding*,
 Like *flints* I behold you depart :
 You heed not, when priming and loading,
 The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,
 And all preparations for sport,
 And these *double barrel* discussions
 Exhaust *double bottles* of port !
 The dearest is deaf to my summons,
 As off on his pony he jogs ;
 A doleful condition is woman's ;
 The men are all *gone to the dogs*.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, *The Sportsman*, 1833.

Perhaps the second stanza of this terrible medley of puns contains the germ of the famous journalistic gambit :
 "The crack of the rifle is now heard on the grouse-moors."

THE WHIPPER-IN

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well,
 The bell just tolling was honest Tom's knell !
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
 Thro' a country, well known to him, fifty miles
 round ;
 No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if
 'twas good ;
 And all with attention would eagerly mark
 When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark ! to Rock-
 wood, hark ! hark !
 Hie ! Wind him, and cross him !
 Now, Rattler boy !—Hark !"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's-green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for
rest ;
His horse, which he'd styl'd his " Old Soul," next
appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was
rear'd ;
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were
bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling
hound.
Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they
trace,
Nor the Wrekin resound his first burst in the chase !
With Hie-over ! now press him !
Tally-ho ! Tally-ho !

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his
breath—
" Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling View-halloo thrice over my grave !
And unless at the warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead ! "
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the
sky,

Tally-ho ! Tally-ho !
Tally-ho ! Hark forward.

WILLIAM SHIELDS, 1796.

NOTE.—Tom Moody was whipper-in to Mr. Forester of Wiley, in Shropshire. He was a celebrated character and served his Master for about forty years. He died in 1796.

BROW, BAY, AND TRAY

(A Song from West Somerset.)

FIRST came the Harboured,
The Harboured, the Harboured—
First came the Harboured,
Before the dawn was clear ;
And here he stooped, and there he stood,
And round the combe he made it good,
And harboured in the Lower Wood,
A warrantable deer.
Some twenty score, he said, or more
The noble beast would weigh,
For he'd brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him who leads the Hunt,
With a Tally-ho Away.
And brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Next came the Tufters,
The Tufters, the Tufters—
Next came the Tufters,
Tufting through the brake,
And opened on him, staunch and sure,
And moved him, where he crouched secure,
And drove him forward o'er the moor
His gallant point to make.
While on his track the zealous pack
We did our best to lay ;
For he'd brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Huntsman,
The Huntsman, the Huntsman—
Next came the Huntsman,
His jolly horn to wind,
With Finisher, and Foreman too,
And Nelson, who had got a view,
And many a comrade, bold and true,
That bustled round the find,
“Have at him, see the slot,” quoth he
(“Hold up, my gallant grey”)
He has brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Master,
The master, the Master—
Next came the Master,
He seemed a merry man ;
His spur was in the chestnut's side—
“Hark forward, hark,” the Master cried ;
“My friends, I'll give you leave to ride
And catch them if you can.
Before the fun is fairly done,
You'll falter by the way ;
For he's brow, bay and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Farmers,
The Farmers, the Farmers—
Next came the Farmers,
The keenest blades I know.
They pierce the copse's leafy gloom,
They climb the hill and thread the combe,
Or skim the bog for standing room,
But never fail to go.
By hook or crook they'll have a look,
I undertake to say,
At his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Parson,
The Parson, the Parson,
Next came the Parson,
His shortest way to seek,
And like a phantom lost to view,
From point to point the Parson flew—
The Parish, at a pinch, could do
Without him for a week.
"But see the kill I must, and will,"
Said he, "this blessed day."
For he's brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Moorland,
The Moorland, the Moorland,
Next came the Moorland,

It stretched for many a mile ;
The spurs were plied without avail
The best of steeds were seen to fail,
The very hounds began to tail,
And ran in lengthened file—
Yet forward still, he sank the hill,
To finish out the play,
With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the River-side,
The River-side, the River-side—
Next came the River-side
'Twas brawling to the brim).
Undaunted in the whirling flood,
To face his foes the champion stood,
While all about him wild for blood,
They clamoured, sink or swim ;
For weary feet at Watersmeet
Had set him up to bay,
With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him, etc.

Next came the Death-stroke,
The Death-stroke, the Death-stroke,
Next came the Death-stroke
The huntsman drove it home.
While here and there, from far and near,
With laugh and shout, and thrilling cheer,

We gathered round the dying deer,
Beside the torrent's foam ;
Till stark and dead, with crown on head,
The fallen monarch lay,
With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

Chorus

Then here's to him who led the Hunt—
Whom death alone could stop,
With his brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
And four upon the top.
With nine times nine for every tine
He flourished in the fray,
And brow, bay, and tray, my lads—
Brow, bay, and tray.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

NOTE.—Watersmeet is the confluence of Badgeworthy water and the river Lynn.

A WORD ERE WE START

Boys, to the hunting-field ! though 'tis November,
The wind's in the south,—but a word ere we start.
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting's a science, and riding an art.

The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase—
Huntsman and Whip, each his own proper
station,
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;
The horse is an animal purposely bred
After the pack to be ridden, not over—
Good hounds are not rear'd to be knocked on the
head.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breast-plate and bridle, girth, stirrup, and chain ;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well
bitted,
One hand lightly used will suffice for the rein.

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle ;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase ;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,
The calves of a foxhunter white ones incase.

If your horse be well bred and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head straight !

Pastime for Princes !—prime sport of our nation !
Strength in their sinew and bloom on their cheek ;
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful ;—
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat ;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful !
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

THE SPORTSMAN

WHEN the young sporting cockney comes out for a
ride

He acts like a fool, and he shows too much side,
And he thinks men admire when they only deride
The form that he shows as a sportsman.

Now all you young mashers out hunting to-day,
Stop cracking your lashes and hark to my lay,
And I'll sing you a sportsman, as far as I may,
A sportsman that's fit for a sportsman.

First mind you keep clear of the breakfast some
give,
For your wisdom's not great, and as sure as you
live
The liquor will wash it away through your sieve,
And you'll need all you've got as a sportsman.

When the funk takes your heart—as it will past
a doubt—
Keep your hand from the flask that you long to
take out,
For when whisky goes in there'll be folly about,
And it muddles the brain of a sportsman.

But the worst of your foes is the pride in your pate,
And to seem not to know is the thing that you hate,
If you try to show off you will meet with the fate
Of fools who would like to be sportsmen !

As you're riding to cover don't look for a rail,
When you clear it, men call you an ass, if you fail

You will miss a day's fun, and you'll find that the
tale

Will cling to your back as a sportsman.

In choosing a hunter take care she is old,
A knowing old hack is the best I am told,
She'll keep you from being too shy or too bold,
And teach you the work of a sportsman.

But if she refuse, then to press her be loath,
She knows better than you do, of that take your
oath,

And to jump might mean often a fall for you both
Which might crumple the limbs of a sportsman.

But when she is willing just give her her head,
Stick close to your saddle and go where you're
led,

And when you fall off do not fancy you're dead,
For mud is made soft to the sportsman.

If you see the fox sneak from the cover and go
Away from the open, just lie precious low
Close up to the cover, don't shout "Tally-ho!"
For it ruins the run of a sportsman.

If you fancy you know that the huntsman is wrong,
And think that the fox has some other way gone,
Keep the thought to yourself, for the language is
strong
That some give to the young British sportsman.

And remember this rule, if you want to be right,
That the sport, not the riding, should be your
delight;

You are mounted to see it, so keep well in sight
Of the hounds who are really the sportsmen.

And when you ride home at the end of the day
Don't brag of your doings the whole of the way,
You'll be judged by your deeds, not the words that
you say,
And the boaster is seldom a sportsman.

ANONYMOUS.

TEMPORARY TAILORS

I WILL sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout,
They shall tell their own tale who to-day were
thrown out ;
For the fastest as well as the slowest of men,
Snobs and top-sawyers, alike now and then,
We are all of us tailors in turn.

Says one, " From the cover I ne'er got away,
Old Quidnunc sat quoting the *Times* on his grey,
How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aberdeen
right,
And the hounds, ere he finished, were clean out of
sight."
We are all of us tailors in turn.

Says one, " When we started o'er fallow and grass,
I was close to the tail of the hounds, but, alas !
We came down to the drain in the black-bottom'd
fen.
If I had been on my brook-jumper—O then."
We are all of us tailors in turn.

"Dismounting," says one, "at a gate that was
fast,
The crowd, pushing through, knock'd me down as
it pass'd ;
My horse seized the moment to take his own fling ;
Who'll again do, out hunting, a good-natured
thing ? "

We are all of us tailors in turn.

"Down the lane went I merrily sailing along,
Till I found," says another, "my course was all
wrong ;
I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth
lay,
But he went, I've heard since, just the opposite
way."

We are all of us tailors in turn.

From the wine-cup o'er night some were sorry
and sick,
Some skirted, some cran'd, and some rode for a
nick ;
Like whales in the water some flounder'd about,
Thrown off and thrown in, they were also thrown
out.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

"You will find in the field a whole ton of lost
shoes,"—
A credulous blacksmith, believing the news,
Thought his fortune were made if he walk'd o'er
the ground ;

He lost a day's work, but he ne'er a shoe found !

We are all of us tailors in turn.

What deeds would one hero have done on his grey,
Who was nowhere at all on his chestnut to-day !
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jest is lov'd best which is aimed at conceit.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

Good fellows there are, unpretending and slow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er mean
to go ;

But, when the run's over, these oftentimes tell
The story far better than they who went well.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

How trifling a cause will oft lose us a run !
From the find to the finish how few see the fun !
A mischance it is call'd when we come to a halt ;
I ne'er heard of one who confess'd it a fault.

Yet we're all of us tailors in turn.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

THE NORTH-EASTER

HARK ! the brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow,
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;

You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour is past.
 Go ! and rest to-morrow,
 Hunting in your dreams,
 While our skates are ringing
 O'er frozen streams.

'Tis the hard grey winter
 Breeds hard Englishmen.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

THE FIND

YON sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark,
 They're running—they're running, Go hark,
 The sport may be lost by a moment's delay ;
 So whip up the puppies and scurry away.
 Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,
 There's a gate at the bottom, I know it full well ;
 And they're running—they're running,
 Go hark.

They're running—they're running, Go hark,
 One fence and we're out of the park ;
 Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
 Then smash at the bullfinch ; no time for a look ;
 Leave cravens and skirthers to dangle behind ;
 He's away for the moors in the teeth of the wind,
 And they're running—they're running, Go hark,
 Go hark.

They're running—they're running, Go hark.
 Let them run on and run till it's dark.
 Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be

While there's wind in our horses and daylight to
see ;
Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all
night,
Of—they're running—they're running,
Go hark.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE PLACE WHERE THE OLD HORSE DIED

IN the hollow by the pollard, when the crop is
tall and rank
Of the dock leaf and the nettle growing free,
Where the bramble and the brushwood straggle
blindly o'er the bank,
And the pyat jerks and chatters on the tree.
There's a fence I never pass
In the brushwood and the grass,
But for very shame I turn my head aside,
While the tears come thick and hot
And my curse is on the spot—
'Tis the place where the old horse died.

There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his hide
upon the chair,
A better never bent him to the rein ;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty stall
and bare ;
I shall never ride my gallant horse again !
How he laid him out at speed,
How he loved to have a lead,

How he snorted in his mettle and his pride !
Not a flyer of the Hunt
Was beside him in the front,
At the place where the old horse died.

Was he blown ? I hardly think it. Did he slip ?
I cannot tell.
We had run for forty minutes in the vale,
He was reaching at his bridle ; he was going strong
and well,
And he never seemed to falter or to fail ;
Though I sometimes fancy, too,
That his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride,
Yet he faced it true and brave
And dropped into his grave,
At the place where the old horse died.

I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed to
stir,
Though I scored him with my rowels in the fall ;
In this life he had not felt before the insult of the
spur,
And I knew that it was over once for all.
When motionless he lay,
In his cheerless bed of clay,
Huddled up without an effort on his side—
'Twas a hard and bitter stroke,
For his honest back was broke
At the place where the old horse died.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched
me like a groan,
“ Farewell,” he seemed to murmur, “ ere I
die ” ;

Then set his teeth and stretched his limbs, and so I
stood alone,

While the merry chase went heedless sweeping
by.

Am I womanly and weak

If the tear was on my cheek

For a brotherhood that death can thus divide ?

If sickened and amazed

Through a woeful mist I gazed

On the place where the old horse died ?

There are men both good and wise, who hold that
in a future state,

Dumb creatures we have cherished here below,
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the
golden gate ;

Is it folly that I hope it may be so ?

For never man had friend

More enduring to the end,

Truer mate in turn of time and tide.

Could I think we'd meet again

It would lighten half my pain

At the place where the old horse died.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

THE GOOD GREY MARE

Dedicated to the Hon. Robert Grimston, in kindly
remembrance of many happy days and pleasant rides.

OH ! once I believed in a woman's kiss,

I had faith in a flattering tongue,

For lip to lip was a promise of bliss,

When lips were smooth and young.

But now the beard is grey on my cheek,
And the top of my head gets bare,
So little I speak, like an Arab scheik,
And put my trust in my mare.

For loving looks grow hard and cold,
Fair heads are turned away,
When the fruit has been gathered, the tale been
told,
And the dog has had his day.
But chance and change 'tis folly to rue,
Say I, the devil may care !
Nor grey nor blue is to bonny and true
As the bright brown eye of my mare.

It is good for the heart that's chilled and sad
With the death of a vain desire,
To borrow a glow that shall make it glad
From the warmth of a kindred fire.
And I leap to the saddle, a man indeed !
For all I can do and dare,
In the power and speed that are mine at need
While I sit on the back of my mare.

With the free, wide heaven above outspread,
The free, wide plain to meet,
With the lark and his carol high over my head,
And the bustling pack at my feet,
I feel no fetter, I know no bounds,
I am free as a bird in the air,
While the covert resounds in a chorus of hounds
Right under the nose of the mare.

We are in for a gallop ! Away ! away !
I told them my beauty could fly,

And we'll lead them a dance ere they catch us
to-day,

For we mean it—my lass and I !
She skims the fences, she scours the plain,
Like a creature winged, I swear,
With snort and strain on the yielding rein ;
For I'm bound to humour the mare.

They have pleached it strong ; they have dug it
wide ;

They have turned the baulk with the plough,
The horse that can cover the whole in its stride
Is cheap at a thousand I vow !
So I draw her together, and over we sail,
With a yard and a half to spare !
Bank, bull-finch, and rail, it's the curse of the
Vale !

But I leave it all to the mare.

Away ! away ! they've been running to kill !

With never a check from the find.

Away ! away ! we are close to them still,

And the field are furlongs behind !

They can hardly deny they were out of the game,

Lost half " the Fun of the Fair,"

Through the envious blame, and the jealous
exclaim,

" How that old fool buckets his mare ! "

Who-whoop ! They have him ! They're round
him ; how

They worry and tear when he's down !

'Twas a stout hill-fox when they found him ; now

'Tis a hundred tatters of brown !

And the riders, arriving as best they can,

In panting plight declare,
 "That first in the van was the old grey man
 Who stands by the old grey mare."

I have lived my life ; I am nearly done ;
 I have played the game all round ;
 But I freely admit that the best of my fun,
 I owe it to horse and hound.
 With a hopeful heart and a conscience clear
 I can laugh in your face, Black Care !
 Though you're hovering near, there's no room
 for you here,
 On the back of my good grey mare.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, *Baily's Magazine*, November,
 1871.

BONNY BEESWING

COME all you jolly sportsmen of high and low
 degree,
 One moment give attention and listen unto me,
 While I of bonny Beeswing sing, that gallant mare
 of fame,
 Go where you will she beats them all and adds
 honour to her name,

Chorus

So here's success to Beeswing ; although she
 is but small,
 She beats some of their favourites—I hope she'll
 beat them all.

Her pedigree I will make known if you the same
 require,

I will tell you what they call'd her dam, and what
her noble sire,
With all the cups that she has won, and purses
filled with gold,
Since in the racing calendar Beeswing has been
enroll'd.

First look at her at Chester how she cut a noble
show,
Two of their favourites run but they were both too
slow,
She started off and led the van which made their
hearts to ache,
But Beeswing, bonny Beeswing, won the cup and
Tyrol stakes.

From there unto Newcastle, Lady Beeswing did
repair,
And when the sportsmen saw her, she made them
all to stare,
There was Lanercost and Eclipse, they thought
to knock her up,
But Beeswing showed them both her tail and
took away the cup.

When the riders stripp'd at Doncaster, it was a
gallant show,
Cartwright in blue and white to Beeswing he did go,
Now come my lass and do thy best he unto her
did say,
She beat them all at Doncaster and took the cup
away.

Now Beeswing is a gallant mare of courage stout
and bold,

Her colour is a bright bay, and she is nine years
old,
Gold cups she has won my boys, besides such lots
of gold,
As never yet was known before, nor can I here
unfold.

Above fifty prizes Beeswing won, the truth to
you I tell,
Of all the mares in England there's none can her
excel,
And at Newcastle-upon-Tyne I am happy for to
say,
This year she has beat Charles XII., and took the
cup away.

Now to conclude and end my song, it is the sports-
man's list,
And when you come your gold to sport don't let
Beeswing be miss'd.
May fortune smile upon her now and on her steps
attend,
So now my jolly sportsman, my song is at an end.
POPULAR BALLAD.

A CLIPPER

(Dedicated to the Hon. Charles White, Scots Fusiliers
Guards.)

Go, strip him, lad. Now, sir, I think you'll declare
Such a picture you never set eyes on before ;
He was bought in at Tatt's for three hundred, I
swear ;

And he's worth all the money to look at, and more ;
For the pick of the basket, the show of the shop,
Is the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

In the records of racing I read their career,
There were none of the sort but could gallop and
stay ;

At Newmarket his sire was the best of the year,
And the Yorkshiremen boast of his dame to this
day ;

But never a likelier foal did she drop
Than the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

A head like a snake, and skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle and brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town.
What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word
'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along ;
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too
strong ;
For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can
crop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the Vale,
Not a bulfinch was trimmed, of a gap not a sign.
All the ditches were double, each fence had a rail,
And the farmers had locked every gate in the line ;
So I gave him the office, and over them—Pop !
Went the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

I'd lead of them all when we came to the brook,
A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin ;
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,
There were eight of us had it, and seven got in.
Then he shook his lean head when he heard them
go plop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Ere we got to the finish, I counted but few,
And never a coat without dirt but my own ;
To the good horse I rode all the credit was due,
When the others were tiring, he scarcely was blown;
For the best of the pace is unable to stop
The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

You may put on his clothes ; every sportsman,
they say,
In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest,
So the pearl of MY casket I've shown you to-day,
The gentlest, the gamest—the boldest, the best ;
And I never will part, by sale or by swop,
With my Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, 1821-1878.

BOLTS

I'VE a head like a violin-case ; I've a jaw like a
piece of steel ;
I've a mouth like india-rubber, and devil a bit I
feel ;
So I've had my fun with a biped thing that clam-
bered upon my back,
And I'm in at the death, though I'm panting for
breath, right bang in the midst of the pack.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.
In my own most original way.
Oats ! but my spirits were gay !
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

I started a gentle canter ; I felt him bob about,
His spurs went in, and the roots of sin, they whipped
my hind legs out.
He put his arms around my neck, 'twas kindly
meant, I swear,
But he had no call to spoil it all by pulling out
half my hair.

He left his hat in a puddle, he left his whip on a
gate,
The briars knew where, but I don't care, the bits
of his tunic wait ;
He bade me stay, I raced away, to the sound of
the huntsman's horn,
And at last I laid him gently in the arms of a
bold blackthorn.

The whip waits safe in the harness-room, the groom
in the stable yard,
It's not that I mind a tanning—my hide's grown
far too hard—
But that tied to a fly I'm safe to die, and on chaff
and straw abstain,
For sure as I snort, if they give me this sort, of
course I shall do it again.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.
In my own most original way.
Oats ! but my spirits were gay !
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit,
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

ANONYMOUS

THE GOOD LITTLE HUNTER

HERE stands little Burton, as honest a steed
As e'er wore a saddle or cleared up a feed ;
Rising five when I bought him, I've ne'er recked
the day,
For I ne'er had a nag like my brave little bay ;
For, the season all round, well his corn does he
earn,
And he never has failed to come out in his turn ;
And right well has he carried me three seasons
through,
My good little hunter, of scarce 15.2.

So stout o'er the plough, and so fleet o'er the grass,
So keen, and so eager his rivals to pass,
So bold in his rush, at the yawner to leap,
So quiet, and so clever, and patient to creep ;
He'll follow you through a cramped place, if you
need,
And he'll stand like a house while you're smoking
your weed ;

And I'd not care to change any horse I e'er knew
For my good little hunter of scarce 15.2.

HARRY L.

Written on the back of his portrait, with an inscription pointing out that he was eight years old in 1878.

HARD-RIDING DICK

FROM the cradle his name has been " Hard-riding
Dick,"
Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled a
stick ;
Since the time, when unbreeched, without saddle
or rein,
He kick'd the old Jackass along the green lane.

Dick, wasting no time o'er the classical page,
Spent his youth in the stable without any wage ;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter'd his teens,
Was to sleep in the hay-loft and breakfast on beans.

Promoted at length, Dick's adventures began :—
A stripling on foot, but when mounted a man ;
Capp'd, booted, and spurr'd his young soul was
on fire,
The day he was dubb'd " Second Whip " to the
Squire.

See, how Dick, like a dart, shoots ahead of the
pack !
How he stops, turns, and twists, rates and rattles
them back !
The laggard exciting, controlling the rash,

He can comb down a hair with the point of his
lash.

Oh, show me that country which Dick cannot
cross—

Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,
Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the
squall,

By daylight or starlight, or no light at all !

Like a swallow can Dick o'er the water-flood
skim,

And Dick, like a duck, in the saddle can swim ;

Up the steep mountain side like a cat he can
crawl,

He can squeeze like a mouse through a hole in
the wall !

He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old,

The restive, the runaway, handle and hold ;

Sharp steel or soft-sawder, whiche'er does the
trick,

It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

Bid the chief from the desert bring hither his
mare,

To ride o'er the plain against Dick if he dare ;

Bring Cossack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,

There's a Dick in our village will ride round them
all !

A whip is Dick's sceptre, a saddle Dick's throne,

A horse is the kingdom he rules as his own ;

While grasping ambition encircles the earth,

The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs and an arm,
But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-
charm ;

Still long odds are offer'd that Dick when he drops
Will die as he lived, in his breeches and tops.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÉE

I

ARE you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorrée ?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree,

You're booked to ride your capping race to-day
at Coulterlee,

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world
to see,

To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win
the race for me.

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree.

II

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorrée.

" I cannot ride Vindictive as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on
my knee ;

He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must
he kill me ? "

III

“ Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrée,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the
blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no
keep from me.”

IV

“ That husbands could be cruel,” said Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorrée,
“ That husbands could be cruel, I have known for
seasons three ;
But oh ! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries
for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the
world to see ! ”

V

She mastered young Vindictive—oh ! the gallant
lass was she—
And kept him straight and won the race as near
as near could be ;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard
willow tree,
Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all
the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorrée.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Last poem written during his fatal illness in 1874.

THE OLD STABLE LAD

I WAS reared in Doncaster some forty years ago,
But times are very different, as many of you know ;
I've had my share of sunshine, of course I can't
complain.

But the good old days have passed away, and they'll
never come again.

Poor old Mike.

For now I'm growing old and my age it does decay,
A poor old, worn out stableman, every one does
say,

Poor old Mike, Poor old Mike.

When I was rising six years old, they first put
me across

One of Lord Derby's favourites, for a trial round
the course.

So firm and neat I kept my seat, the knowing
ones they star'd,

As I rattled in from a two mile spin, every one
declared—

'Twas clever little Mike !

Then I was made a Jockey, it suited well my taste,
A handy chap at a handicap, smart at a steeple-
chase ;

East, west, north, or south, I could show an open
face,

For I always acted on the square, and never sold
a race.

Honest little Mike.

But soon I grew too big, I could neither train or
waste,
My patrons too they died, so I was sack'd in
haste.
But posting days were in their prime, a post hack
I bestrode,
With a smack, "Ya hip!" crack goes the whip,
rattling down the road.
Merry little Mike.

But steam soon run us off the road, and rheumatism
set in,
'Twas then I first knew poverty, my troubles did
begin.
Relations, friends, acquaintances, all dead or far
away,
I was odd man in a stable yard for half-a-crown a
day.
Poor old Mike.

By the young un's beaten out and out, and bundled
from the yard,
I touted in St. Martin's Lane, or sold a racing
card.
Sometimes I get the tip when an old friend comes
to town,
And there's many a swell for the news I tell will
drop me half-a-crown.
Poor old Mike.

OLD BALLAD.

THE EARTH-STOPPER

TERROR of hen-roosts ! now from hollow sand-
earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

Rouse thee, Earth-stopper ! rouse from thy
slumber !
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her
blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old dog-horse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry-hair'd Vixen, where e'er thou wendest,
Ready to follow.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north
wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through
thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken-
winded,
Hobble on three legs ;

Finish thy night work well, or woe betide thee !
If on the morrow irritated Huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Finds the earth open !

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

THE TANTIVY TROT

I

HERE's to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, Sir ;
Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford and the Lancashire Lord, Sir.
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II

Here's to the team, Sir, all harness'd to start,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
Here's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art,
Coupling the cattle together,
Let the steam pot, etc.

III

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, Sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride !
Wind without whistle or cough, Sir !
Let the steam pot, etc.

IV

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, Sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.
Let the steam pot, etc.

V

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclin'd, Sir ;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !
Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir !
Let the steam pot, etc.

VI

Here's to the dragsmen I've dragg'd into song,
Salisbury, Mountain, and Co., Sir ;
Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
Five twenty-fives at a go ! Sir.
Let the steam pot, etc.

VII

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
Here's to the road we ne'er tire on ;
Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
Ride ye who like it on iron.
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

DORSET SONG

If you'll but let your clackers rest
Vrom jabberèn an' hootèn,
I'll teäke my turn, an' do my best,
To zing o' sparrow shootèn.

Since every woone mus' pitch his key,
 An' zing a zong, in coo'se, lads,
 Why sparrow heads shall be to-day
 The heads o' my discoo'se, lads.

We'll zend abroad our viery hail
 Till ev'ry foe's a-vled, lads,
 An' though the rogues mid all turn tail,
 We'll quickly show their heads, lads.
 In corn, or out on oben ground,
 In bush, or up in tree, lads,
 If we don't kill 'em, I'll be bound,
 We'll meäke their veathers vlee, lads.

Zoo let the belted spwortsman brag
 When they've a-won a neäme, so's,
 That they do vind, or they do bag,
 Zoo many head o' geäme, so's :
 Vor when our cwein is woonce a'won,
 By heads o' sundry sizes,
 Why, who can slight what we've a-don ?
 We've all a-won *head* prizes.

Then teäke a drap vor harmless fun,
 But not enough to quarrel ;
 Though where a man do like the gun,
 He can't but need the barrel.
 O' goodly feäre, avore we start,
 We'll zit and teäke our vill, min ;
 Our supper-bill can be but short,
 'Tis but a sparrow-bill, min.

WILLIAM BARNES.

SNIPE SHOOTING

WHEN gelid frosts encrust the faded ground,
And dreary winter clouds the scene around ;
The timid snipes fly to the sedgy rills,
Or seek the splashes on the upland hills.
The sportsman, now, wakes with the gleaming
morn,

His gun makes fit, refills his pouch and horn,
And to the swampy meadow takes his way,
With sport and exercise to crown the day.
See first how curiously he scans the sedge,
Then warily proceeds along the edge :
His piece is cock'd, and in position right,
To meet his shoulder readily and light.
But yet more cautiously he treads beside
The well-known splash, where most he thinks to
hide

The dappled bird—and from the rushy stream
Frighten'd she rises, with a piercing scream.
His tube the fowler points with steady sight,
And seeks to trace her thro' her rapid flight ;
Whilst o'er the field she tries each artful wile,
And crooked turn, his level to beguile.
Her slender wings swift cut the buoyant air,
'Till distance gives her as a mark more fair :
Now glancing, just the marksman gets his aim,
His ready finger doth the trigger strain.
He fires—the fatal shot unerring flies,
The snipe is struck, she flutters, bleeds, and dies.

Sporting Magazine, 1798.

THE OUTLAW

WHEN first I stirred in your side, mither, ye ken
full well
How you lay all night up among the deer out on
the open fell ;
And so it was that I won the heart to wander far
and near,
Caring neither for land nor lassie, but the bonnie
dun deer.

Yet I am not a losel and idle, mither, nor a thief
that steals
I do but hunt God's cattle, upon God's ain hills ;
For no man buys and sells the deer, and the bonnie
fells are free
To a belted knight with a hawk on hand, and a
gangrel loon like me.

So I'm off and away to the muirs, mither, to hunt
the deer,
Ranging far frae frowning faces, and the douce
folk here ;
Crawling up through burn and bracken, louping
down the screes,
Looking out frae craig and headland, drinking up
the simmer breeze.

Oh, the wafts o' heather honey, and the music o'
the brae,
As I watch the great harts feeding, nearer, nearer a'
the day.
Oh, to hark the eagle screaming, sweeping, ringing
round the sky—

That's a bonnier life than stumbling ower the
 muck to colt and kye.
 And when I'm tean and hangit, mither, a brittling
 o' my deer,
 Ye'll no leave your bairn to the corbie craws,
 to dangle in the air ;
 But ye'll send up my twa douce brethren, and ye'll
 steal me frae the tree,
 And bury me up on the brown, brown muirs,
 where I aye looded to be.

Ye'll bury me 'twixt the brae and the burn, in a
 glen far away,
 Where I may hear the heathcock crawl, and the
 great harts bray ;
 And gin my ghaist can walk, mither, I'll go glower-
 ing at the sky,
 The livelong night on the black hill sides where
 the dun deer lie.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POLCHER

WHEN I was bound apprentice in fair *Lincolnshire*,
 Full well I served my master for more than seven
 year,
 'Till I took up to *polching*, as you shall quickly hear,
 O 'tis my delight, in a shining night, in the season
 of the year.

As me and my *comarade* were setting of a snare,
 'Twas then we spied the game-keeper—for him
 we did not care.

For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump
o'er anywhere.

O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

As me and my *comarade* were setting four or five,
And taking on them up again we caught the hare
alive,

We caught the hare alive, my boys, and through
the woods did steer.

O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

We throdun him over our shoulder, and then we
trudged home,

We took him to a neighbour's house, and sold
him for a crown,

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not
tell you where,

O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincoln-
shire,

Success to every *polcher* that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell
his deer.

O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year.

OLD SONG.

SOUTHROP POACHING SONG

THREE Southrop chaps went out one day,
To Hatherop Park they bent their way.

Chorus

Laddy i o. Foddy i o.
Fol the rol lara laddy i o.

The first we met was a bulldog bold,
The next was a spaniel six months old.

The next we met was old Tarrier Trade,
And he was on the poaching lead.

We had not long been beating there
Before our spaniel put up a hare.

Before we'd beat the woods all through
Long Jimmy, the keeper, came in view.

As soon as we saw him, with humble look,
We bent our way to Hatherop Brook.

When we got there 'twas full to the brim,
And you'd have laughed to see us swim.

Ten feet of water, if not more,
We swam through and the dogs came o'er.

But let them say whatever they will,
We'll have our hares and pheasants still.

(As sung to-day.)

EYNESHAM POACHING SONG

THREE Eynsham chaps went out one day,
To Lord Abingdon's Manor they made
 their way ;
They took some dogs to catch some game,
And soon to Wytham Woods they came.

We had not long been beating there,
Before our spaniel put up a hare ;
Up she jumped and away she ran,
At the very same time a pheasant sprang.

We had not beat the woods all through
Before Barrett, the keeper, came in view ;
When we saw the old beggar look
We made our way to Cassington Brook.

When we got there 'twas full to the brim,
And you'd have laughed to see us swim :
Ten feet of water, if not more ;
When we got out our dogs came o'er.

Over hedges, ditches, gates, and rails,
Our dogs followed after, behind our heels ;
If he had caught us, say what you will,
He'd have sent us all to Abingdon jail.

(As sung to-day.)

ON SHANK'S NAG

I NEVER yet owned a horse or a hound,
I never was lord of a foot of ground,
Yet few are richer, I'll be bound,
Than me of a hunting morning.

I'm far better off than he that pays,
For, though I've no money, I live at my ease,
With hunting and shooting, whenever I please,
And a tally-i-ho in the morning.

As I go on foot I don't lose my seat,
As I take the gaps I don't break a gate,
And if I'm not first, I am seldom late,
With my tally-i-ho in the morning.

And there's not a man, be he high or low,
In the parts down here, or wherever you go,
That doesn't like poor old Tipperary Joe,
With his tally-i-ho in the morning.

(As sung to-day.)

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

It's of a football match, most delightful to be
seen ;
It's of six young rippling lads who played on
Salisbury Plain ;
Six hats and six ribbons were given them on the
Plain—
Here's a health unto those rippling lads, and so
the game went on.

Chorus

You rippling lads, huzza ! You'll sure to win the
day,
And the prize you will carry it away.

The ball has been thrown up and the game it did
begin ;
Good Lord, how they did kick it ! more like devils
than like men ;
They having such a notion in kicking it along—
Here's a health unto those rippling lads, and so the
game went on.

The ball it being thrown up and the game it did
draw nigh,
Young William stuck a penknife into young Jack-
son's thigh ;
He aimed at the ball, it was his full intent,
Young Williams missed his aim and right through
the goal he went.

You rippling lads, huzza ! You now have won
the day,
And the prize you may carry it all away.
(Old Berkshire Ditty.)

BOWLING

THE rudiments of sciences
In bowling may be found ;
For 'tis in vain to think to bowl,
'Till you first know the ground.

The fickleness of fortune
In emblem here is seen ;
For often those that touch the block
Are thrown out of the green.

Of courtiers and bowlers,
The fortune is the same ;
Each jostles t'other out of place,
And plays a sep'rate game.

In bowling, as in battle,
The leader's apt to claim
The glory to himself alone,
Tho' the followers get the game.

The jack is like a young coquet ;
Each bowl resembles man ;
They follow whereso'e'er she leads
As close as e'er they can.

For tho' in other gaming
A blockhead be in jest,
Who gets nearest to the block-head,
In bowling is the best.

(Part of an old Song.)

THE OLD ENGLISH FALCONER

AWAY, away, to the woods with me,
Fair is the dew on the grassy lea,
Pure and bright is the dawn of day,
Hie to the woodlands, hie away !

Lady, awake, and leave your bower,
 Kisses of dew in every flower
 Wait but the touch of your finger fair
 To shed their sweets on the morning air.
 Arise, arise, leave dreams of love
 For marlyon¹ gay and for broidered glove,
 For the gallant bound of your palfrey grey,
 For the hunter's horn and roundelay.

Away, etc.

Up, up, Sir Knight ! to horse, to horse !
 The red-deer lies in the roscid gorse ;
 The wild-fowl float on the woodland lake ;
 Up and away through briar and brake.
 In the grove of oaks the yeomen wait,
 The wolf-hound bays at the castle gate,
 The sluggard may lie on his bed of down,
 Seek we the heath and the heather brown.

Away, etc.

Arise ! arise ! 'tis the matin hour ;
 Hark to the chimes from the belfry tower !
 The hawks are sounding their Milan bells,²
 And Echo replies from the shady dells,
 Like the silver voice of a woodside god
 That laughs at the trees as they bend and nod
 Nodding in joy to their sturdy mates,
 That cast their shade o'er the Castle gates !

Away, etc.

SANDY GREY, *Sporting Magazine*, December, 1841.

¹ In the old books on hawking the marlyon is set down as the hawk properly belonging to a lady.

² The hawk's bells made at Milan were much in repute among our ancestors at one time.

"Methinkes these Millane bels do sound too full,
 And spoile the mounting of your hawke."—*Old Play*.

I REMEMBER

HIC VIR, HIC EST.

OFTEN when, o'er tree and turret,
Eve a dying fragrance flings,
By that ancient pile I linger
Known familiarly as "Kings,"
And the ghosts of days departed
Rise, and in my burning breast
All the undergraduate wakens,
And my spirit is at rest.

What but a revolting fiction
Seems the actual result
Of the Census's inquiries
Made upon the fifteenth ult. ?
Still my soul is in its boyhood,
Nor of year or changes recks,
Though my scalp is almost hairless,
And my figure grows convex.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Through these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don ;
Each perambulating infant
Had magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others ;
Grew to court delirium tremens
By the aid of Bacon Brothers ;

Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
 And colossal prints of Roe ;
 And ignored the proposition
 That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
 Artfully through King's Parade ;
 Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
 Amaryllis in the shade ;
 Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard ;
 Or (more curious sport than that)
 Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
 Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
 Ground, indifferent to blisters,
 While the Buttress¹ of the period,
 Bowled me his peculiar twisters :
 Sung, " We won't go home till morning,"
 Striven to part my back hair straight ;
 Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
 Old dry wines at 78 :

When within my veins the blood ran,
 And the curls were on my brow,
 I did, oh ye undergraduates,
 Much as ye are doing now.
 Wherefore bless ye, oh beloved ones :
 Now unto mine inn must I,
 Your " poor moralist " ² betake me,
 In my " solitary fly."

C. S. CALVERLEY, *Verses and Translations.*

¹ Buttress, a professional cricketer, " the father of break-bowlers."

² " Poor moralist, and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly."—*Gray.*

IN MEMORIAM " BONI " CANIS

(Boney, a dog belonging to Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell).
Remembered as " Mike " by all the sons of Eton.

Not his to chase the vulgar rat,
Or join in brutalising sports ;
Not his to lounge in cushioned courts,
Companion of a cream-fed cat.

The Demerara sugar hue,
The floating tail, the foreign scent
That marked him circumambient,
Macaulay's " every school-boy " knew.

The power of his pleading looks,
His eye magnificently mild,
His fondness for his master's child,
Are all recorded in the books.

He drew large-hearted love for man
From monks amid the Alpine snows :
An air of truculent repose
From his sponsorial Corsican.

They say who watched him at a match,
He shuddered at a careless stroke,
Appraised the balls that shot, that broke,
And barked approval of a catch ;

Outstretched beneath his favourite tree,
Attentive to the busy scene,
He might for all the world have been
A member of the M.C.C.

The end was worthy of the whole,
 For, when he saw his course was run,
 He vowed nor friendly Steel nor Gunn
 Should free his philosophic soul.

With cheerful mien and stiffening legs
 As Plato in a Cynic age
 Relates of the Athenian sage,
 He drained the hemlock to the dregs.

Now, if it be as poets tell,
 He barks at the intruding cat,
 And revels in Elysian "Spratt"
 Among the meads of Asphodel.

ROBERT CARR BOSANQUET, *Eton College Chronicle*,
 November 30, 1889.

THE KENTISH CRICKETER

The curious song called "The Kentish Cricketer" printed below, was written about the year 1815, long before railroads, board schools, etc., had begun to smooth away the local peculiarities of country life. That it was not an utter burlesque of the truth may be gathered from Beldham's remarks to Mr. Pycroft, while describing county cricket in his younger days. "There was no mistaking the Kent boys," said he, "when they came staring into the Green Man" (the cricketers' house of call in Oxford Street). "A few of us had grown used to London, but Kent and Hampshire men had but to speak or even show themselves, and you need not ask which side they were on." Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane very kindly supplied me with a copy of the song, which has been compared with that printed in Charles Box's *English Game of Cricket*.

My feyther and mother be boath dead and gone,
 And ha' left only me and our Mary,

So I goes up tu Lunnon, leaves sister at hwoam,
 To look a'ter de hogs and de dairy ;
 For Lunnon I heerd was a wunnerful place ;
 So ses I tu myself, I'll run up for a race,
 And how I got onner'd I'll tell ye de case.
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

Now de fust thing I heerd, and that made my 'art
 glad,
 Was a wunnerful gurt match o' cricket ;
 Fur in Kent you all know dere is hardly a lad
 But is famous at bat, ball, an' wicket.
 An' den as I heerd and arterwards found,
 It was tu be play'd on my Lard's cricket ground ;
 Deng it, I foun' em out, and de stumps dey cum
 down.
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

Dey stood hankerin' about, for wot I cudden't tell
 Till my Lard he said to de bye standers,
 Be dere ary a lad as can play pretty well ?
 Because I am shart of a hand, Sirs.
 So den I stept in ; dear heart, how dey did grin ;
 Says I tu myself, to be grinned at's no sin.
 (*Loquitur*). Well, Sir, my Lard he cum up to me
 and axed me if I cud play any or nay. " I doan't
 know, my Lard," I ses, ses I, " I bean't no gurt
 spaiks of a player ; mine's an aukerdish kind of
 a knock, a sort of a lapper right round de field."
 " Well, my man," ses he, " can ye boal ? " " Aha,
 my Lard, Sir," I ses, " I jest can ; I always het
 de man or de wicket to a dead sartinty."
 Well, my Lord then ses he, " Yu're de man jest
 for me."

Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

We shartly strip'd in, and de geam did begin,
 An' at fust it went on pretty rightish ;
 Till we'd been in twice, an' it looked rather queer,
 For they knock'd her about pretty tightish,
 'Bout losing de geam, we thought one an' all ;
 When my Lard ses to me, " Cannot you take the
 ball ? "

(*Loquitur*). And be darned if I didn't too, and a teejeous good boul I made on it, for I broke so many heads, arms, legs, bats, and wickets, de geam was nation soon ourn.

An' t'other chaps then were all hospital men,
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

The folks that stood by, dey were pretty much
 'mazed,

An' struck by a nashional wonder ;
 To think, as dey said, sech a bumkin as I
 Shud come up dere, and make 'em knock under,
 An' de winners dey laaft, an' de losers dey swoor,
 And both on 'em called I a gurt Kentish
 boor . . .

(*Loquitur*). Well, my Lard he laaft tu, an' axed me wot my neam was. " Well, Sir," ses I, " my neam's Giles." " Well, Giles," ses he, " for what you've done for us, here's a five pun note for you." " Na, na, my Lard, Sir," ses I, " you will defend me, ef ye du. I ha'nt come up here to yarn money ; have trubble enuf in doin' that at home. I've come up to see sites an' curiosities, Newgate, an' Cripple-gate, an' Billingsgate, an' all de gates fur wot I know ; but ef ye like to ask me whoam to dinner wid ye, all's well an' good."

So we went, one and t'other, like brother an' brother,
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

Now when we got there, the table was spread
 With everything heart an' mouth wishes ;
 I was teejously vex'd tu know what tu have first,
 Sich a huge nation site of Frinch dishes.
 An' dey axed me sich questions, such plaguery
 hard words.

(*Loquitur*). "Deng it all, my Lard," ses I,
 "your talk bean't nothin' like wot ourn is, down
 in de country" ; an' I felt nationly 'bash'd too,
 till I had drinkt two or three glasses o' dat sham
 sham sham cider stuff, what de gentry drink at
 dinner-time, and I den began to titter at de ladies ;
 An' de ladies. d'ye see, dey all tittered at me,
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

After dinner, my Lard, in a wunnerful speech,
 Gets up an' thanks me for my trouble.
 But I bows to de Pason instead of my Lard ;
 For my eyes, dey began tu see double.
 De ladies all nodd'd an' winked at each other,
 And into de drawing-room went, one arter t'other.

(*Loquitur*). And I gets up, an' ses I, "Here's
 arter ye ; I beant a gwene tu lose my sweetheart
 reckly minit arter dinner." An' den one o' dem
 dandy butterfly chaps stopt me, and asked me how
 long I had been out o' de company o' de wild
 beastes. "Dang ye," ses I, "I beant bred a wild
 beast nor yet a monkey, and I'll take good care
 not to stop long enuf among ye tu be made one
 neither ; if this be your fashion tu turn de ladies
 out of de room directly after they've had their
 dinners, I'll be off to de country agen, where I
 can have a cheek by jowl for my life."

So wid ne'er a good-bye, tu de country cum I,

Singing tol de rol de rol lol de rol li do.

PHILIP NORMAN. Annals of the West Kent Cricket Club.
 A.S.V. N

MR. AISLABIE'S SONG

After the match between the Gentlemen of Kent and the M.C.C. with Pilch, and Marsden, played August 12 and 13, 1833, Sir Herbert Jenner gave his usual dinner at his house at Chislehurst. For this occasion Mr. Aislabie composed a song, which, as it contains many quaint allusions and much that is almost of historical interest, we here print *in extenso* with copious notes. We meet Mr. Aislabie, then an old man in "Tom Brown's School Days"; he brings the M.C.C. team down to Rugby.

WHAT is all this noise about, and why this wondrous bustle ?

All the world comes out to see my noble Lord Charles Russell.¹

Good people, do not run so fast ; you should not act so rashly ;

For you can also take a peep at elegant H. Ashley.²
Yankee doodle, doodle doo, &c.

With Marsden, Pilch and Cobbett, too, I think it will be hard, oh !

If we don't rip the County up without the aid of Ward, oh !

"Aroint," the Hampshire hero cries. "Fell Aislabie, aroint, oh !

¹ Lord Charles James Fox Russell, President of the Marylebone Club in 1835, was half-brother of Earl Russell, and father of Mr. George Russell, M.P., Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, 1848 to 1875. Afterwards lived for some years at Harrow, and interested himself in the boys' cricket. Died in June, 1894, aged 87.

² This must be the Hon. Anthony Henry Ashley, President of M.C.C. in 1834, a son of the 6th Earl of Shaftesbury, M.P. for Dorchester and a Captain in the Army. Died in 1858, aged 51.

At least you will allow that I'm a *deep* one at the point,¹ oh ! "

Marsden, Pilch and Cobbett hit ; Hole² put the great pot on ;

At length the runs begin to flag, when in comes Vinny Cotton ;³

I've passed full many a pleasant day with gallant Captain Hawkins ;

But more with Willy Davidson, whose *alias* was Dawkins.

Charles Lloyd, he kissed the cook-maid in the sanctum where the books lie :⁴

Was this the tale the scullion told ? Oh, no !—it was the Cookes-ley.⁵

It's many years since first my hair was cut and curled by John Brock,

But, though he cuts, he'll come again, my noble friend, Lord Clonbrock.⁶

¹ Mr. William Ward had two peculiarities. First (though this is hardly a peculiarity) he was fond of putting himself on to bowl, at which he was not very successful. (I should add that his bowling was indifferent under-hand much resembling a jerk.) Secondly, he always, when standing point, kept at what some people thought a too respectful distance from the striker.

² The Rev. ——— Hole used to bet on matches, not to a large amount, but was as eager as if he had a heavy sum depending on the result.

³ Sir St. Vincent Cotton was only a moderate performer, but excellent company.

⁴ We believe this to be a libel ; the incident (if it occurred) took place during the progress of a match in Norfolk. The late Lord Bessborough said that Aislabie always sang this verse with particular gusto.

⁵ A play on the name of the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, whose society was much appreciated by Mr. Aislabie.

⁶ An Irish peer, father of the Hon. R. V. Dillon, unable

There is a man at Chislehurst, of whose whole
 life the tenor
 Is kindness and benevolence. Who's that?—Sir
 Herbert Jenner!
 He such a hearty welcome gives, and such a wondrous dinner,
 That even if I lose the match, I still shall be a
 winner.

Herbert, the Phenomenon,¹ is such a wondrous
 stumper,
 So well-bred a young gentleman—we'll toast him
 in a bumper;
 Brother Charles is such a swell, and so is Alfred
 Mynn, Sir;
 To entertain them comme il faut we'll go to the
 best inn, Sir.

Charley Harenc² loves good wine, Charley loves
 good brandy,
 Charley loves a pretty girl, as sweet as sugar
 candy;
 Charley is as sugar sweet, which wetted melts
 away, Sir,
 Charley therefore stops away upon a rainy day,
 Sir.

to play in the match, though expected. In the previous
 June he had become a member of the West Kent Club.

¹ An allusion to the fact that his name was once
 placarded as "Phenomenon" Jenner, when billed to play
 in a Norfolk match.

² Mr. Charles J. Harenc, on one occasion, when engaged
 to play at Lord's for the Gentlemen *v.* Players, did not
 appear till two o'clock, because it rained in the morning
 at Chislehurst, where he was then living with his mother,
 though not a drop fell at Lord's.

Charley knocks the knuckles of many an awkward
clown, Sir,
If Charley stops away again, he'll chance to rap
his own, Sir.
Beldham Renovatus, re-suscitatus Walker,
Hit so well, they put to silence Wodehouse, the
famed talker ;

All the world may take their leave, and go and
live at Como,
Provided thither follow not my *nec vir neque homo*.¹
Lord Aboyne is just the same as when he was
Strathavon,
If any make a match with him how closely they'll
be shaven ;

In choosing a confederate, he wisely shows his
sense, Sir,
By fixing on his liberal friend, the gallant Captain
Spencer.²
If you kill a little pig, mind that you it do scald
well,
And if you want to run a rig, go lark it with George
Caldwell ;³

If you wish to catch a bird, his tail you must put
salt on,

¹ This stanza refers to George Warde Norman and Henry Norman, whose style and execution were very good, and whom Aislabie thus compares to two great players of a previous time. Wodehouse was probably H. Wodehouse, who played for M.C.C. *v.* Kent in the previous year.

² Spencer was probably the Hon. Captain Spencer, R.A.

³ George Caldwell, of Norfolk, a friend of Sir Vincent Cotton.

If you angle for a fish, why, study Izaak Walton.¹
 Dyke² he leaves his troop and hounds—Dyke comes
 up to town, Sir ;
 Dyke goes in at Marylebone—Dyke knocks his
 wicket down, sir.

Fagge's³ the lad for me, my boys, though fagged I
 am that's sartin,
 And so I'll hang my hat up at the Tewkesbury
 Arms, John Martin.⁴
 " *Finieram sat Telamon,*" says Ovid, and not
 Livy,⁵
 Should Chingford Churchyard be my lot, then I
 may say, " *Finivi.*"⁶

Mr. Aislabie repeatedly sang this song, and no doubt
 added to it as time went on.

PHILIP NORMAN. Annals of the West Kent Cricket Club.

¹ Possibly W. H. Walton, elected member of the Club,
 June 12, 1830.

² Refers to some incident in Sir Percival Dyke's cricket-
 ing career.

³ Mr. John Frederick Fagge, born at Chartham, near
 Canterbury, in 1814, was in the Oxford Eleven of 1834,
 but that year there was no match with Cambridge.
 Sometimes played for Norfolk as well as Kent. After
 entering the Church he usually played as " Fredericks."

⁴ Mr. John Martin, M.P. for Tewkesbury, had died in 1832.
 His son John was living with the family at Camden Place.
 Mr. Aislabie used to speak of houses thrown open for
 matches as inns. Camden House was the Tewkesbury
 Arms. The house on Chislehurst Common where Mr.
 Richard Martin, M.P., now resides was the Labyrinth.
 Mr. George Stone's was the George, etc., etc.

⁵ Mr. Aislabie's Latin is in this case rather of the canine
 order.

⁶ Chingford Church was noted for its fine ivy. Aislabie
 sometimes began the third line of the stanza, "*Fini-eram,*
fini-erat," a kind of punning contrast to "*fin-ivi.*"

BALLADE OF CRICKET

(To T.W.L.)

THE burden of hard hitting : slog away !
Here shalt thou make a " five " and there a
 " four,"
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,
 That thou art in for an uncommon score.
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
 And thou to rival Thornton shalt aspire ;
When, lo, the Umpire gives thee " leg before "—
" This is the end of every man's desire ! "

The burden of much bowling, when the stay
 Of all thy team is " collared," swift or slower,
When " bailers " break not in their wonted way,
 And " " yorkers " come not off as heretofore ;
When length balls shoot no more—ah never more !
 When all deliveries lose their former fire,
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-
 door—
" This is the end of every man's desire ! "

The burden of long fielding, when the clay
 Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's
 downpour,
And running still thou stumblest ; or the ray
 Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,
And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,
 Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a
 " skyer,"
And lose a match the fates cannot restore—
" This is the end of every man's desire

Envoy

Alas, yet liefer on youth's hither shore
Would I be some poor player on scant hire,
Then king among the old who play no more,—
“*This is the end of every man's desire.*”

ANDREW LANG.

MONOTONOUS BALLAD OF ILL-
SUCCESS

BEHOLD me batting—as I fail
Once more to stop the crafty slow ;
I hear the click of smitten bail,
The wicket-keeper's tactless crow ;
I have been in and out, and lo !
My aggregate remains the same ;
Another naught !—six in a row ;
And yet it's an uncertain game.

Behold me bowling—tired and pale
I see the striker's visage glow ;
He hits them to the boundary rail ;
He hits them high, he hits them low ;
For he is playing like a pro,
While I have lost my length and aim ;
Another four ! I told you so ;
And yet it's an uncertain game.

Behold me fielding—thick as hail
Come balls to stop where'er I go,
And still betwixt my shins they sail,
Snick, drive, or cut, or overthrow ;
The while I gallop to and fro,

Bombarded with loud shouts of blame ;
Another miss ! the word was " blow " ;
And yet it's an uncertain game.

Envoy

Friend, cricket is a fraud, I know,
Trading on legendary fame ;
I find it very certain woe ;
And yet it's an uncertain game.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

BALLADE OF THE CORNER STROKE

(By the Bowler.)

I vow he shall not sleep beyond the grave ;
The Acherontian cliffs shall hear his wail—
What time he roameth by the Stygian wave,
And Charon trimmeth not for him the sail ;
By far the vilest in the moral scale,
Lonely beneath the dark Cimmerian pall,
He shall go wander, weary, gaunt, and pale—
This is the man who snicketh the length-ball.

It was my best ; no better one I crave
To bowl ; it hurtled like an autumn gale,
And yet, withal, a crafty twist I gave,
Sufficing, as I fancied, to prevail,
Then as I looked his exodus to hail,
Expectant to behold his timbers fall,
It went for four hard by his inner bail—
This is the man who snicketh the length-ball,

He smiled, and questioned if it were a shave,
 Whereat I yearned in dungeon or in jail
 To prison him for years and years, the knave !
 Yet merely trusting that his heart would quail
 I bowled at treble pace, without avail,
 For fiends appeared to aid him at his call ;
 And he edged fourers till the feat grew stale—
 This is the man who snicketh the length-ball.

Envoy

Sirs, I was taken off ! expletives fail !
 He never used the weapon's face at all ;
 They bowled him with an under like a snail—
 This is the man who snicketh the length-ball.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

BRAHMA

(After Emerson.)

IF the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
 Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
 They know not, poor misguided souls,
 They too shall perish unconsolated.
I am the batsman and the bat,
 I am the bowler and the ball,
 The Umpire, the pavilion cat,
 The roller, pitch, and stumps and all.

ANDREW LANG.

MRS. KEATE

No vulgar wood was the bat of might
That swung in the grasp of Harding wight,
No vulgar maker's name it wore,
Nor vulgar was the name it bore.
It was a bat full fair to see,
And it drove the ball right lustily.
Without a flaw, without a speck,
Smooth as fair Hebe's ivory neck,
It was withal so light, so neat,
That Harding called it MISTRESS KEATE.
Th' admiring boys caught up the name,
Lo, the vast power of heedless fame—
That soon was earnest which at first was fun,
And Harding's bat and Mrs. Keate were one.

WILLIAM MANSFIELD STONE.

WINDMILL DOWN

(To W. A. Bettesworth.)

Broad Halfpenny, on Windmill Down, near Hambledon, Hampshire, is generally regarded as the cradle of English Cricket.

THIS is the place ; here is the story told
Of those first players in that far-off June
That shines still on those Hampshire downs. Behold
The very turf, the pitch where some high noon
" Lumpy " would choose his sloping wicket, soon
To rouse deep-throated chorus from the ring,

Vying with Beldham, Walker, Brett, to bring
 Fame to the tales that Nyren's readers con,
 Names for undreamt of rhymers yet to sing,
 When primroses are out at Hambledon.

Gone are those days, yet hither, as of old,
 Come players for the game ; moon follows moon,
 Still the same happy echoes fill the wold,
 Still from the down's deep wood the pigeons
 croon,
 About the old inn parlour village shoon
 (Ale-fragrant still the air) go clattering,
 And gardeners bowl and blacksmiths catches fling,
 And bat from ball cracks music, and upon
 Green turf the high sun dies to evening,
 When primroses are out at Hambledon.

And so where wickets stand, or grass is rolled,
 From Windmill Down to Sydney, the same boon,
 Born of the game, continues. Caught or bowled
 The players pass—one law for lord or loon.
 The piper changes ; who should change the tune
Le roi est mort. E'en so : God save the King !
 For Lockwood's, we shall watch Macaulay's swing,
 Hobbs follows Grace, Holmes, Hirst, Tate,
 Richardson,
 Carr can still show us Jessop's larruping,
 When primroses are out at Hambledon.

Friend, 'tis the end begins. The play's the thing.
 We win or lose again, remembering.
 We shall find sunlit swords by Acheron,
 And toss bright obols, each returning spring
 When primroses are out at Hambledon.

ERIC PARKER.

THE COMMENTATOR

THE throstle in the lilac,
Not far beyond the Nets,
Upon a spray of purple
His beak severely whets :
He hears the players calling,
He wonders what they're at,
As thunder frequent yorkers
Against the stubborn bat.

Then, while the rank half-volley
Its due quietus gets,
The bird begins to carol
A greeting to the Nets :
Amazed at noisy kissing
Of ball and wooden blade,
In rivalry he whistles
A ballad unafraid.

Right jocund is the music
That, poured in lovely jets,
Accompanies superbly
The heroes in the Nets ;
And sweet the startled pauses
Amid the royal song
That come when shout together
The drive-delighted throng.

The greatness of the uproar
Benumbs him, and he lets
His pulsing bosom ponder
The tumult in the Nets ;

But soon afresh, while warbling
 His comment on the game,
 He puts all human songsters—
 Quite easily !—to shame.

Thou Herrick in the lilac,
 The damp of evening wets
 Upon our shoes the pipeclay,
 And bids us leave the Nets ;
 But come again to-morrow,
 To mingle with our joy
 The magic learnt in Eden
 When time was but a boy !

NORMAN GALE : More Cricket Songs.

VITAI LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
 " Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! "

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke ;
 The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :
 " Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! "

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
“ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

HENRY NEWBOLT.

AGAIN

AGAIN the week of carnival ; again
We swarm, a badly-ventilated crew,
A Dantesque vision of a seething train,
To pastures new.

Again we seek the Eton stand, beneath
The chariot of the all too neighbouring sun,
And stare like lions trained by Julius Seeth
’s unerring bun.

Again we fall into that sleepy doze,
That looks, and claps, and burbles at the game,
Or mark the inmates of the dusty rows,
Always the same ;

The Living Pricelist of Parisian store
That comes to Lord’s to see, and to be seen,
That likes both inningses, but loves far more
The time between.

The unconvincing man, with rheumy eye,
 Who "enthuastically" lifts his head,
 Vending statistic tracts that people buy
 And leave unread ;

These, and the dainty thimblefuls of ice,
 Discreet aversion of the truly wise,
 Those frail concoctions sold at double price
 And half the size ;

These joys are ours, when summer doth return,
 And yet—I do not clamour for reform—
 There is one drawback to the whole concern :
 It's rather warm.

R. A. KNOX.

AT LORD'S

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
 folk,
 Though my own red roses there may blow ;
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
 folk,
 Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy
 coast,
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a
 ghost,
 And I look through my tears on a soundless-
 clapping host
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
 To and fro :
 O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

FRANCIS THOMPSON : Collected Poems.

WILLOW THE KING

WILLOW the King is a monarch grand ;
Three in a row his courtiers stand ;
Every day, when the sun shines bright,
The doors of his palace are painted white,
And all the company bow their backs
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax.

So ho ! so ho ! may the courtiers sing,
Honour and life to Willow the King !

Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight ;
Trouble is coming before the night ;
Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
Comes the Leathery Duke along ;
And down the palaces tumble fast
When once the Leathery Duke gets past.

" Who is this," King Willow he swore,
" Hops like that to a gentleman's door ?
" Who's afraid of a Duke like him ?
" Fiddlededee ! " says the monarch slim.
" What do you say, my courtiers three ? "
And the courtiers all said, " Fiddlededee ! "

Willow the King stepped forward bold
Three good feet from his castle hold ;
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skirmished gay to the left and right ;
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a
fling
" Bless my soul ! " says Willow the King.

Crash the palaces, sad to see ;
Crash and tumble the courtiers three !
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head ;
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes.

But the Leathery Duke, he jumped so high,
Jumped till he almost touched the sky ;
“ A fig for King Willow,” he, boasting, said,
“ Carry this gentleman off to bed ! ”
So they carried him off with the courtiers three,
And put him to bed in the green baise tree.

“ What of the Duke ? ” you ask anon.
“ Where has his Leathery Highness gone ? ”
Oh, he is filled with air inside—
Either it's air, or else it's pride—
And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,
And they kick him about till Christmas come.

So ho ! so ho ! may his courtiers sing,
Honour and life to Willow the King.

E. E. BOWEN : Harrow School Songs.

FORTY YEARS ON

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—

Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up ! Follow up !

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,
How will it seem to you, forty years on ?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we !

Follow up ! etc.

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on !
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother
Hated the foe with a playing at hate !

Follow up ! etc.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were
strong ?

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
 Games to play out, whether earnest or fun ;
 Fights for the fearless! and goals for the eager,
 Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !

Follow up ! etc.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CRICKET BALL SINGS

LEATHER—the heart o' me ; leather—the rind o'
 me

O, but the soul of me's other than that !
 Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly
 Climbing the air from the thick of the bat ?
 Leather—the heart o' me ; ay, but in verity
 Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.
 Heroes, bow all to the little red ball,
 And bow to my brother ball blazing on high.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine ;
 Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
 Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
 Brother of mine,
 Brother of mine !

We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate ;
 I but a little ball, thou but a Great !

Give me the bowler whose fingers, embracing me,
 Tingle and throb with the joy of the game,
 One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,
 Single of purpose and steady of aim.

That is the man for me : striving in sympathy,
Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.
Willow must fall in the end to the ball—
See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray from
me,
Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace :
Perish the unalert, perish the "buttery,"
Perish the laggard I strip in the race.
Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,
Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,
Grandest of all to the soul of the ball
Is the finishing grip of the honest brown hand.

Give me the batsman who squanders his force on
me,
Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke ;
Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewbury.
Meanly contented to potter and poke.
He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily—
Bruises and buffetings stir me like wine.
Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,
Sooner or later you're mine, sirs, you're mine.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine ;
Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
Brother of mine,
Brother of mine !
We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate ;
I but a little ball, thou but a Great.

E. V. LUCAS : Willow and Leather.

THE BOWLER

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in !
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow back and round the unwary shin—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack ;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game :
The flung ball takes one maddening, tortuous
bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in the air.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

THE NEW GROUND

THE loveliness of Earth is still unspent :
Her beauties, singly known, combined are strange;
And with what fondness she doth freshly range
Her ancient gems for man's new ravishment !
On this soft, dew-fed, tree-girt sward of Kent
The cricket-god to-day is first enthroned,
The dun herd banished, and its pasture owned
By white-clad players, and their snowy tent.
The field I knew before, the lads I knew,
And oft elsewhere have watched their pleasant
game ;

But now an added lustre comes to view,
Familiar features look no more the same ;
The new-set picture gains another hue,
And sheds another glory on its frame.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

PRELUDE (SUMMER DAYS)

BEFORE we came the moon-soaked dewes were here,
Washing the feet of thrushes as they sang.
No sun was up when this May morning rang
With the first meadow-music of the year ;
Those birds had quired their lovely-throated thanks
To see last night's pale vapour disappear,
Blown billowing back in broken, smoking banks
Past the new-painted blue pavilion's shade
To the far, lushy confines of a mere.
The sun rose laughing ; daisies reached for him ;
Dazzling his eyes at the boundary's unscythed rim
They clambered taller than the tall grass blade,
Gold-hearted each, a midget mountaineer.

God's praise, May sweetness : these, before we came,
Were all the morning saw, or held, or heard.
Now we take on the lease from flower and bird,
Assembling here in traffic for a game.
Soon we'll be ready, every man and lad
Tiptoeing, braced how briskly, for the glad
Commencement and the umpire's call of " Play ! "
Busy beneath the hot, slow-circling sun,
We'll carry the morning's echo singing on
With its full, gracious flavour, kind and clear,
Down to the wicket-drawing close of day.

No frowning combat ours, barren of pranks
 And genial moves of venture, lost or won.
 We'll make it easy, first and last, to find
 The clean white clash of comrades in our match.
 All we accomplish, even the bungled catch
 Shall challenge joy 'twixt two fresh-flannelled
 ranks,
 Making for summer beauty in the mind,
 And life's good game when this game's left
 behind.
 Fitly we'll crown its setting to the frame
 With coloured laughter and a high content.

Oh, not alone the birds and flowers had lease
 Of these green acres, sweet with grass-born scent,
 All centred in a groundsman's popping crease.
 Even as we pitch our wicket, flickering near
 Are shades of men who found this cricket dear,
 And sealed their happy ventures ere we came.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE NAMES

THERE's music in the names I used to know,
 And magic when I heard them, long ago.
 "Is Tyldesley batting?" Ah, the wonder still!
 . . . The School clock crawled, but cricket-thoughts
 would fill
 The last slow lesson-hour deliciously.
 (Drone on, O teacher: you can't trouble me.)
 "Kent will be out by now." . . . (Well, if they
 choose

To keep us here while cricket's in the air,
They must expect our minds to wander loose
Along the road to Leyton, Lord's, and Leeds,
Old Trafford and the Oval, and the Taunton
Meads . . .)

And then, at last, we'd raid the laneway where
A man might pass, perchance, with latest news.
Over his glasses he would smile to hear
Our thirsty questions as we crowded near.
Greedy from the quenching page we'd drink—
How its white sun-glare made our young eyes
wink!

"Yes, Tyldesley's batting still. He's ninety-four.
Barlow and Mold play well. Notts win once
more.

Gloster (with Grace) have lost to Somerset—
Easy: ten wickets: Woods and Palaret . . ."

So worked the magic in that dusty lane.
The stranger beamed. Maybe he felt again
As I feel now to recall those lovely names
Jewelling the loveliest of our English games.
Hirst, Hearne, and Tunncliffe—they catch the
light—

Lord Hawke and Hornby, Jessop, A. O. Jones—
Surely the glow they held was the high sun's!
Or did a young boy's worship think it so,
And is it but his heart that's aching now?

THOMAS MOULT.

LUCK OF THE TOSS

(Rustic Cricket in Derbyshire.)

It were long years back, in t' blacksmith's croft,
 As Jim an' I played cricket,
 Wi' a bat an' a ball atwixt us both,
 An' a tree as stood for wicket.
 We'd never a penny to toss for choice,
 So we'd chuck up t' bat, would we,
 " 'Ump ! " says Jim,
 " 'Oller ! " says I,
 An' " 'Ump it is," says 'e.

We was Test-match men, we was Durby-shire,
 An' wouldn't there come a shout,
 When Chatterton made a 'it for three,
 Or Docker were bowled for nowt.
 When Jim were Spofforth, or summat o' that,
 An' I were W.G.
 " 'Ump ! " says e',
 " 'Oller ! " says I,
 An' " 'Oller it is," says 'e.

Eh ! but that were a while ago,
 An' there's plenty I've learned sin' that,
 But wherever you are, an' whatever you do,
 There's a deal in chuck o' the bat.
 For you may call right, an' you may call wrong,
 As 'ud 'appen to Jim an' me.
 " 'Ump ! " says you,
 " 'Oller ! " says I,
 An' it canna be both, you see.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

IN THE SLIPS

WHIZZING, fierce, it came
Down the summer air,
Burning like a flame
On my fingers bare,
And it brought to me
As swift—a memory.

Happy days long dead
Clear I saw once more.
Childhood that is fled :
Rossall on the shore,
Where the sea sobs wild
Like a homesick child.

Oh, the blue bird's fled !
Never man can follow.
Yet at times instead
Comes this scarlet swallow,
Bearing on its wings
(Where it skims and dips,
Gleaming through the slips)
Sweet Time-strangled things.

F. W. HARVEY.

SIX AND OUT

(A Street Impression)

THE pitch was only smooth in parts ;
It sank at either crease,
And motor vans and baker's carts
At times disturbed the peace.

The bowlers found it hard to hit
The lamp-post's slender stem.
The broader wicket, opposite,
Was cleared at 6 p.m.

It was a keen, determined school,
Unorthodox and free ;
Harsh circumstance oft made the rule,
And not the M.C.C.

The scorer, seated by the wall,
Kept up a fire of talk ;
He was both umpires, crowd, and all,
And plied a busy chalk.

So, standing, musing on the scene,
I let the moments pass :
How well he drove it to the screen . . .
And then—the crash of glass !

I watched the players as they ran,
And heard, while yet they fled,
The loud voice of an angry man,
The law's majestic tread.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

THE "PREP SCHOOL" MATCH

HERE range they once again their white array :
Our Smiths and Simpkins of the proud thirteens ;
Warm patriots and heated in their play,
Who know not yet what selfish ardour means.

While gladly now we watch him save the four,
That flashing figure with the flying sleeves,
And think not of a tennis world in store,
Or Golf's grey rot, to dog him when he leaves,

We can be cheerful, view the coming race,
Throng its arena, feeling no distress,
And fancy that the good old days of Grace
Are with us still, and all their manliness.

That stocky keeper might have been old Dick
A matter of some twenty summers gone.
(He, too, kept wicket, confident and quick,
While I stood by and muffed 'em at mid-on.)

Here, in the little school, that spirit plays,
Not in the world which grasps and grinds apart,
The sane and patient soul of other days,
That drives the ego from the foolish heart.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF

(East Fife.)

THERE are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthermost tee ;
But ye maunna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her and send her aee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea ;
And ye're dune, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw
 That their putting is pawky and slee ;
 In a bunker they're nae gude ava',
 But to girn and to gar the sand flee.
 And a lassie can putt—only she,—
 Be she Maggie, or Bessie, or Jean ;
 But a cleek-shot's the billy for me,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the Green !

I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw,
 I hae play'd since the year thirty-three,
 I hae' play'd in the rain and the snow,
 And I trust I may play till I dee ;
 And I tell ye truth and nae lee,
 For I speak o' the thing I hae seen—
 Tom Morris, I ken, will agree—
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

Envoy

Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
 And, Lord, man : they tell me you're keen;
 Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

ANDREW LANG.

EXMOOR

THE brave big hills of Exmoor, 'tis there I love to
 be,
 Upon the rolling moorlands high above the Severn
 Sea,

Where hidden in the wooded coombe the murm'ring
 Horner winds,
And where beneath the hunter's moon the red
 stag guards his hinds.

Across the wind-swept barrows the blackcock
 wings his way,
And far above in circling flight the buzzard marks
 his prey :
Amongst the firs of Lilliecombe the hounds are
 running fast,
The red fox slinks into the gorse until the hunt
 is past.

I see the moorland ponies start at sound of hound
 and horn,
And echoing music of the pack upon the breezes
 borne ;
I see the stag with stately head fresh roused from
 leafy lair,
Pause as he leaves the sheltr'ing wood and sniff the
 tainted air.

At midnight when the moon sails up o'er Dunkery's
 stony ridge,
The ghostly Doones come riding out across the
 Robbers' Bridge.
I hear them ride with tramp of hoof, and clank of
 bit and chain,
Just as they rode in olden days for vengeance or
 for gain.

I can see the sea-mist creeping o'er the moorlands
 far and wide,

Whilst faintly from the distance comes the murmur
of the tide ;
I see the gloom of thunderclouds upon the distant
hills,
And shadowed goyals laced with threads of
swiftly running rills.

I smell the honey of the gorse which scents the
golden spring,
I see the purple carpet of the heather and the
ling ;
I can hear the curlews calling as o'er the moor
they flight,
I can hear the brown owls hooting amongst the
trees at night.

So when I'm tired of London and all its weary
ways,
I shall look to Westward and think of golden days
Away down in the West Country, where I would
like to be,
On the rolling hills of Exmoor, high above the
Severn Sea.

FRANCIS C. GOULD, 1911.

RELEASE

Does your heart still throb with the old excitement,
As you wait where the Scotch expresses are ?
Do you answer still to the old indictment,
A fond delight in the sleeping-car,
As it did when the rush through the summer night
meant
The Gates of Desire ajar ?

Or has that enchanting task grown tougher,
And has that arrow beyond you flown ?
For the path that was rough enough is rougher,
The steepest climb that was ever known,
And well may appal a stout old duffer,
Stumbling from stone to stone.

Oh ! the years, the years, they be rusty and
mothy,
And the way, though once it was short, is long,
But the brown burn under the stones falls frothy ,
And the music it makes is a siren song :
Then the pony'll take you up to the bothy,
And that will help you along.

See, from the top the mists are stealing,
Out with the stalking-glass for a spy ;
Round Craig-an-Eran an eagle's wheeling,
Black in the blue September sky—
A fig for the years ! Why, youth and healing
At the end of your journey lie.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

If a sportsman true you'd be,
Listen carefully to me.

Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone ;
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

A.S.V.

P

When a hedge or fence you cross,
Though of time it cause a loss,
From your gun the cartridge take,
For the greater safety's sake.

If t'wixt you and neighbouring gun
Birds may fly or beasts may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine :
FOLLOW NOT ACROSS THE LINE.

Stops and beaters oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen ;
Calm and steady always be :
NEVER SHOOT WHERE YOU CAN'T SEE.

Keep your place and silent be :
Game can hear and game can see ;
Don't be greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.

You may kill or you may miss,
But at all times think of this :
All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead.

MARK BEAUFOY.

THE FIRST DRIVE

A DIAMOND the morn is set,
So clear, so blue, so bright,
Though in the shade, a sparkle yet,
Lurks rime from overnight ;

Men name such morns the ember days
Of leaf and stricken bower,
Yet colour sets the wood a-blaze,
Yet colour rules the hour.

We wait behind the blackthorn hedge,
The beaters' slow advance ;
Gold sedges hold the sun in pledge,
A finch's gold wings glance ;
Faint-calling partridges afar . . .
My son, in briefest words,
The roots beyond the stubbles are
Fair chock-a-block with birds.

Just now a stoat ran through the thorn,
Red, evilly he ran,
A murderous brute for such a morn,
But so mayhap's a man ;
'Neath skies of spun forget-me-nots
Ere minutes ten be sped
I look to fire a score of shots,
To kill, I hope, ten head.

Ah, here they come ! The first lot springs
Aloft and skims adown
The stubble with a flick of wings,
Quick swerving, trim and brown ;
Now, ere they cross the space between,
Now, Dian, grant me this,
That, where I hit, I kill 'em clean,
That, when I miss, I miss.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

TO A COCK PHEASANT

Good morrow, good morrow, Sir Knight of the mail
That's bronze and that's copper, that's collared
a-ring ;

From the tip of your beak to the tip of your tail
You're splendid as Autumn ablaze in the vale ;
King Solomon's glory before you would pale
As you strut in the ride like a king.

A whistle behind you, a whistle, d'you hear ?
And, anon, a tip-tapping of stick upon stock
Will you slip (in strategic retreat) to the rear ?
Well, you haven't been shot at, I fancy, this
year,
So you'll act in the royaler way, never fear,
And rise with a raucous *cok-cok* !

A phoenix you'll rise through the tops, still afire,
Still aflame with the season's resplendent decay ;
A phoenix that springs from a funeral pyre
Of oakwoods in ember, and straight doth aspire
To the frosty bright blue, to the blue you require
To show off your fireworkish way.

Then forward you'll swing (like a comet at need
Of Olympian Zeus), gaining pace as you go ;
High, high o'er the branches (*cock forward* !)
you'll speed
Till you're clear of the cover, a screamer indeed,
And out o'er the meadow ; but, mark you, take
heed
Of those odd little groups far below.

They're the Guns, the adepts, as you'll presently
see ;

Myself (on the flank) cut a figure to mock
With artists of *their* sort ; at full apogee
Approach them, professors in highest degree,
Accomplished to " larn " you most deftly to be
A pheasant and, more so, a cock !

But beaters are coming ; *tap, tap*, down the breeze
Their sticks get the nearer, so up in your pride
In Autumn's gold sunshine, high o'er her gold
trees,

Till, tall as the tallest, you sail at your ease ;
And 'tis best to be tall, tall as Troy an you please,
When those batteries open outside.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

THE DEAD GAMEKEEPER

EARTH now holds him in her rooty snare
Beneath the rat-run sycamore ;
Far is fur and feather from his care,
Another watcher lifts his door.

Now vermilion-fanged the vermin dare
Creep out from fosse and fen and cave ;
And the wild hawks on the flowing air
Poise and pass above his grave.

ANONYMOUS. In " SNAPDRAGON," December 6th, 1924.

AT PUTNEY

WHEN eight strong fellows are out to row,
With a slip of a lad to guide them,
I warrant they'll make the light ship go,
Though the coach on the launch may chide them,
With his "Six, get on to it! Five, you're late!
Don't hurry the slides, and use your weight!
You're bucketing, Bow; and, as to Four,
The sight of his shoulders makes me sore!"

But Stroke has steadied his fiery men,
And the lift on the boat gets stronger;
And the Coxswain suddenly shouts for "Ten!
Reach out to it, longer, longer!"
While the wind and the tide raced hand in hand
The swing of the crew and the pace were grand;
But now that the two meet face to face
It's buffet and slam and a tortoise-pace.

For Hammersmith Bridge has rattled past,
And, oh, but the storm is humming.
The turbulent white steeds gallop fast;
They're tossing their crests and coming.
It's a downright rackety, gusty day,
And the backs of the crew are drenched in spray;
But it's "Swing, boys, swing till you're deaf and
blind,
And you'll beat and baffle the raging wind."

They have slipped through Barnes; they are round
the bend;
And the chests of the eight are tightening.
"Now spend your strength, if you've strength to
spend,
And away with your hands like lightning!"

Well rowed ! ”—and the coach is forced to cheer—
“ Now, stick to it, all, for the post is near ! ”
And, lo, they stop at the coxswain’s call,
With its message of comfort, “ Easy all ! ”

So here’s to the sturdy undismayed
Eight men who are bound together
By the faith of the slide and the flashing blade
And the swing and the level feather ;
To the deeds they do and the toil they bear ;
To the dauntless mind and the will to dare ;
And the joyous spirit that makes them one
Till the last fierce stroke of the race is done.

R. C. LEHMANN.

THE PERFECT OAR

“ ONCE on a dim and dream-like shore
Half seen, half recollected,
I thought I met a human oar
Ideally perfected.
To me at least he seemed a man
Like any of our neighbours,
Formed on the self-same sort of plan
For high aquatic labours.

His simple raiment took my eyes :
No fancy duds he sported,
He had his rather lengthy thighs
Exiguously “ shorted.”
A scarf about his neck he threw ;
A zephyr hid his torso ;
He looked as much a man as you—
Perhaps a trifle more so.

And yet I fancy you'll agree,
When his description's ended,
No merely mortal thing could be
So faultlessly commended.
I noted down with eager hand
The points that mark his glory ;
So grant me your attention, and
I'll set them out before ye.

His hands are ever light to catch ;
Their swiftness is astounding :
No billiard ball could pass or match
The pace of their rebounding.
Then, joyfully released and gay,
And graceful as Apollo's,
With what a fine columnar sway
His balanced body follows !

He keeps his sturdy legs applied
Just where he has been taught to,
And always moves his happy slide
Precisely as he ought to.
He owns a wealth of symmetry
Which nothing can diminish,
And strong men shout for joy to see
His wonder-working finish.

He never rows his stroke in dabs—
A fatal form of sinning—
And never either catches crabs
Or misses the beginning.
Against his ship the storm winds blow,
And every lipper frets her :
He hears the cox cry, " Let her go ! "
And swings and drives and lets her.

Besides, he has about his knees,
His feet, his wrists, his shoulders,
Some points which make him work with ease
And fascinate beholders,
He is, in short, impeccable,
And—this perhaps is oddest
In one who rows and looks so well—
He is supremely modest.

He always keeps his language cool,
Nor stimulates its vigour
In face of some restrictive rule
Of dietary rigour.
And when the other men annoy
With trivial reproaches,
He is the Captain's constant joy,
The comfort of his coaches.

When grumblers call the rowing vile,
Of growl about the weather,
Our Phoenix smiles a cheerful smile
And keeps the crew together.
No "Hump" is his—when everything
Looks black his zeal grows stronger,
And makes his temper, like his swing,
Proportionately longer.

One aim is his through weeks of stress—
By each stroke rowed to aid work.
No facile sugared prettiness
Impairs his swirling blade-work.
And oh, it makes the pulses go
A thousand to the minute
To see the man sit down and row
A ding-dong race and win it !

Such was, and is, the perfect oar,
 A sort of river Prince, Sirs ;
 I never met the man before,
 And never saw him since, Sirs.
 Yet still, I think, he moves his blade,
 As grand in style, or grander,
 As Captain of some Happy-Shade
 Elysian Leander."

R. C. LEHMANN.

CLASSIC COACHING

A Cambridge poet, Mr. R. H. Forster, has sung the woes of the Athenian triremists and their instructor as follows:—

JUST imagine a crew of a hundred or two
 Shoved three deep in a kind of a barge,
 Like a cargo of kegs, with no room for their legs,
 And oars inconveniently large.
 Quoth he, " πάντες πρόσω," and they try to do so.
 At the sight the poor coach's brains addle ;
 So muttering " οἱμοι," he shouts out " ἐτοῖμοι,"
 And whatever the Greek is for " paddle."
 Now do look alive, number ninety and five,
 You're " sugaring," work seems to bore you ;
 You are late, you are late, number twenty and
 eight,
 Keep your eye on the man that's before you.

R. M. FORSTER.

ENGLISH GRASS

Come, horsemen all, from every field
And taste this rare delight,
And see what English pastures yield
To those whose hearts beat right !
Come, haste and quaff the stirrup-cup !
Turn down the empty glass !
The horn is blown, the hunt is up,
And here's our English grass !

And here are foxes swift to find
And fences strong to break,
And here are doubles steep and blind
That try the best to take,
And dappled hounds to keep in sight
And rivals you must pass,
Before the long December night .
Enshrouds the English grass !

And think it not a lightsome thing
Or feat to wake your scorn
To follow where the Pytchley swing
Or lead them with the Quorn ;
For men have hacked the mulga trail
And packed the mountain pass,
Yet found the boldest heart may fail
To ride the English grass.

The meadows stretch from stream to stream,
Close-bitten, firm, and sound ;
No stubble stands, no ploughman's team
Rips up the ravaged ground ;

But level far as eye can see
Like smooth green-tinted glass,
A battle-ground for bravery,
Is spread the English grass.

Though thorns be thick, though binders lace,
Though stout be stile and rail,
Though nought but blood can live the pace,
And nought but pluck prevail,
The call's to all, the field is fair
To every creed and class ;
So draw your girths, all ye who dare,
And ride the English grass !

W. H. OGILVIE.

THE OLD GREY FOX

We started from the Valley's Pride,
And Farnham way we went.
We waited at the cover-side,
But never found a scent.
Then we tried the withy beds
Which grow by Frensham town,
And there we found the old grey fox,
The same old fox,
The game old fox,
Yes, there we found the old grey fox,
Which lives on Hankley Down.

Chorus

So here's to the master,
And here's to the man !
And here's to the twenty couple

Of white and black and tan !
Here's a find without a wait !
Here's a hedge without a gate !
Here's the man who followed straight
Where the old fox ran.

The member rode his thoroughbred,
The doctor had the grey,
The soldier led on a roan red,
The sailor rode the bay,
The Squire was there on his Irish mare,
And the parson on the brown ;
And we chased the old grey fox
Across the Hankley Down.

Chorus

So here's to the master, etc.

The doctor's grey was going strong
Until she slipped and fell ;
He had to keep his bed so long
His patients all got well.
The member he had lost his seat,
'Twas carried by his horse,
And so we chased the old grey fox,
 The same old fox,
 The game old fox,
That earthed in Hankley Gorse.

Chorus

So here's to the master, etc.

The parson sadly fell away,
And in the furze did lie ;
The words we heard the parson say,
Made all the horses shy ;

The sailor he was seen no more
 Upon that stormy bay ;
 But still we chased the old grey fox
 Through all the wintry day.

Chorus

So here s to the master, etc.

And when we found him gone to ground,
 They sent for spade and man ;
 But Squire said, " Shame ! The beast was
 game !
 A gamer never ran ! '

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

LABUNTUR ANNI

(To a Chital Head on the Wall of a London Club.)

LIGHT in the East, the dawn wind singing,
 Solemn and grey and chill,
 Rose in the sky, with Orion swinging
 Down to the distant hill ;
 The grass dew-pearled and the *mohwa* shaking
 Her scented petals across the track,
 And the herd astir to the new day breaking—
 Gods ! How it all comes back.

So it was, and on such a morning
 Somebody's bullet sped,
 And you, as you called to the herd a warning,
 Dropped in the grasses dead ;

And some stout hunter's heart was brimming
For joy that the gods of sport were good—
With a lump in his throat and his eyes a-dimming,
As the eyes of sportsmen should ;

As mine have done in the springtime running,
As mine in the halcyon days
Ere trigger-finger had lapsed from cunning
Or foot from the forest ways,
When I'd wake with the stars and the sunrise
meeting
In the dewy fragrance of myrrh and musk,
Peacock and spurfowl sounding a greeting
And the jungle mine till dusk.

You take me back to the valleys of laughter,
The hills that hunters love,
The sudden rain and the sunshine after,
The cloud and the blue above,
The morning mist and creatures crying,
The beat in the drowsy afternoon,
Clear-washed eve with the sunset dying,
Night and the hunter's moon.

Not till all trees and jungles perish
Shall we go back that way
To those dear hills that the hunters cherish,
Where the hearts of the hunters stay ;
So you dream on of the ancient glories,
Of water-meadows and hinds and stags,
While I and my like tell old, old stories . . .
Ah ! but it drags—it drags.

C. HILTON BROWN.

HYMN TO THE WILD BOAR

GOD gave the horse for man to ride,
And steel wherewith to fight,
And wine to swell his soul with pride
And women for delight :
But a better gift than these all four
Was when He made the fighting boar.

The horse is filled with spirit rare,
His heart is bold and free ;
The bright steel flashes in the air,
And glitters hungrily.
But these were little use before
The Lord He made the fighting boar.

The ruby wine doth banish care,
But it confounds the head ;
The fickle fair is light as air,
And makes the heart bleed red ;
But wine nor love can tempt us more
When we may hunt the fighting boar.

When Noah's big monsoon was laid,
The land began to ride again,
And then the first hog-spear was made
By the hands of Tubal Cain ;
The sons of Shem and many more
Came out to ride the fighting boar.

Those ancient Jew boys went like stinks,
They knew not reck nor fear,
Old Noah knocked the first two jinks,
And Nimrod got the spear.
And ever since those times of yore
True men do ride the fighting boar.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

TO A BLACK GREYHOUND

SHINING black in the shining light,
Inky black in the golden sun,
Graceful as the swallow's flight,
Light as swallow, wingèd one,
Swift as driven hurricane—
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,
Muffled thud of flying feet,
See the black dog galloping,
Hear his wild foot-beat.

See him lie when the day is dead,
Black curves curled on the boarded floor.
Sleepy eyes, my sleepy-head—
Eyes that were aflame before.
Gentle now, they burn no more ;
Gentle now and softly warm,
With the fire that made them bright
Hidden—as when after storm
Softly falls the night.

God of speed, who makes the fire—
God of Peace, who lulls the same—
God who gives the fierce desire,
Lust for blood as fierce as flame—
God who stands in Pity's name—
Many may ye be or less,
Ye who rule the earth and sun :
Gods of strength and gentleness,
Ye are ever one.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

DANDIE DINMONT'S

Pepper or Mustard—what's the odds ?
Valiant, varmint, lithe and low,
These were the hounds that the wise old gods
Took to their hunting an aeon ago,
These when the wild boar stamped and stood
These when the gaunt wolf snapped at bay,
Grim and relentless, rash and rude,
Went for the throat in the Dandie way.

Deep in the slope of that dome-like head,
Under that topknot crimped and curled,
Surely the fighting fire was fed
Before the fires were cool in the world !
Surely 'twas these that the cave-men kept,
Comrades in hunting, sport and war,
Sharing the shelves where their masters slept,
Tearing the bones that their masters tore !

No ?—Well, have it the way you please ;
But I'll wager it wasn't a show-ring Fox,
Poodle or Pom or Pekingese,
That bayed the mammoth among the rocks ;
But something tousled and tough and blue,
Lined like a weasel—arch and dip,
Coming up late, as the Dandies do,
And going right in with the Border grip.

ANONYMOUS.

CHANCELLOR

Chancellor ! More like a bumble-bee,
 I thought, as they handed him out to me,
 A soft round bundle of black and tan :
 " And a smart 'un, sir," said the kennel man,
 " Out of Chancery's dam by our own Kildare,
 And he'll do you proud if you treat him fair."
 Then the drone of the dogcart died away
 And I set him down on the lawn to play.

And I heard in the woods a whip-thong crack,
 The cry of a hound and " Tally-ho back !"
 A touch on the horn, then hoofs in flight
 And " *Hark to Chancellor ! Jim, that's right !* "
 Then I saw the pack string out at speed
 And a dark hound running alone in the lead
 Over grass and plough, over heath and hill,
 To a single-handed and savage kill.

Then I thought of the months that lay between
 This fat-ribbed pup and that final scene—
 Of chickens worried and gloves in rags
 Before he is judged on the kennel flags—
 Of blossoms broken and slippers torn
 Before he had heed of the huntsman's horn—
 Of all the care and the curses loud
 Ere Chancellor's day when he " does me proud."

Yet somehow or other I like to feel
 There's a lolloping foxhound pup at heel ;
 When the riding days are over and done
 If you can't have the pack you can still have
 one,

And the mischief he does you can soon forget
For the sake of the dreams he can bring you yet,
And walking a puppy you still can claim
That you carry a share in the grand old game.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SKAITER'S MARCH

(Composed for the Skaiter's Club at Edinburgh.)

THIS snell and frosty morning,
With rhind the trees adorning.
Tho' Phœbus below,
Through the sparkling snow,
A skaiting we go,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

From the right to the left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres with spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sweep,
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder,
Tho' the water he seal,
We rove on our heel,

Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.

See the Club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills resounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
For Neptune below,
His beard dares not show,
Or call us his foe,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry, merry horn.
C. DIBDIN.

THE JOLLY CURLERS

Tune : " O for him back again ! "

OF a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a'
Was ay the witching *channel-stane*.

Chorus

O for the channel-stane,
The fell-gude game, the channel-stane !
There's ne'er a game that e'er I was
Can match auld Scotland's channel-stane.

I've been at bridals unco glad,
Wi' courtin' lasses wondrous fain :

But what is a' the fun I've had,
 Compare it wi' the channel-stane ?
 O for the, etc.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
 Never to come back again,
 I'd *sweep* the moon and starlets by,
 And play them at the channel-stane.

O for the, etc.

We'd boom across the *Milky Way* ;
 One *tee* should be the Northern *Wain* ;
 Another, bright *Orion's* ray ;
 A comet for the channel-stane.

O for the, etc.

The Caledonian, 1821.

The following additional verse was printed in the version which appeared in the Kilmarnock "Treatise on Curling," in 1828:

I've played at goiting in my day,
 And maybe I may do't again,
 But still unto myself I'd say,
 This is no the channel-stane.

O for the, etc.

In this edition, and very often since, the song is attributed to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, but it was probably written by Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews, who made one of the famous company in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of "Blackwood's Magazine."

COMBINED SKATING

THE last rose-petal of the sunset's rose
Falls in the further West and faintly glows,
One thought of fire in a world of snows.

She turns, I turn with her. The level rays
Of the low Moon half veiled in opal haze
With rose-white magic light the Eastward ways.

She flies, I follow. Through the glimmering plain
We speed in silence. When I strive to gain
Her side, she holds me back. Wild hopes and
vain !

She flies, I follow. Thus her power I own
That am her poor, obsequious shadow grown—
For still I touch her, still I'm left alone !

She flies, I follow. Though her finger-tips
Are all I hold, yet at her unseen lips
My soul flits on before, and bee-like sips.

She flies, I follow. Hear the dulcet chime
Of steel on ice that marks the magic time,
And breaks the rhythmic silence as with rhyme!

She trips, she falls. I hold her in a trice
And colder were her lips than Northern ice,
But warmer was my kiss than Southern skies.

O.

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE

SHE's in front, I'm behind ; we are off and away
 O'er the edge of the world in our tiny trim sleigh.
 See yon little red flag in the dim depths below,
 Like a clear flame of fire in the midst of the snow—
 'Tis the end of our flight on the perilous slide,
 One in five yards to fall, and five hundred to glide.

Now we speed to a climax ; intense and sublime
 Is the rest of unrest ; out of space, out of time,
 She flies and I follow ; though viewless her wings,
 Yet the life of all wingéd and passionate things
 Flushes bright in her cheeks, flashes light from her
 eyes—

Through moments immortal I follow, she flies.

Forty feet from the level our runners bite deep
 Then gleam in mid-air as we take the great leap !
 The world falls from under ; the depths of the sky
 Turn swift as a whirlpool ; the sun from on high
 Is hurled to her feet ; and a sudden shrill wind
 Cuts keen, a blue scimitar swung from behind.

Now we race on the level—with sweet lips apart,
 She leans to my shoulder and heart beats with heart,
(Like a rose in the dark is the heart of my sweet !)
 And the ice-bound deep river roars under our feet
 Till we rock o'er a snowdrift, and find a full stop !

Whoso climbs up that hill shall find wings at the top.

O.

A SONG OF SLEIGHING

A CLICK o' the tongue, a flick o' the whip ; we're
off and well away
Through a silvery mist by sunlight kissed that
parts like ocean spray ;
A shimmering sound of bells around floats over
the azure plains—
Here's a hand to hold her out of the cold, and a
hand for the rippling reins !

Swiftly the trail winds in and out through banks of
drifted snow ;
Like crescent moons in windblown clouds our
polished runners show ;
The fox peeps up from his lowly earth, the owl from
her lofty tree
Peers down, o'erhead the snow-birds flit like
thoughts of a maiden free.

But now through woodland ways we fare, a sunless
world and drear,
And thronged with gaunt and ghostly forms that
mourn a buried year ;
Crooked and white as lepers' arms their laden
branches seem ;
Our bells are mute, we move as slow as prisoners
in a dream.

*Thought's shuttle wove in memory's loom this fancy
sad yet sweet
(Love was the warp and Fear the woof) : 'Tis thus
that lovers meet*

In meadows of grey asphodel beyond dim Lethe's shore—

*Kisses and tears and love and death remembering
no more !*

But lo ! a flash of sudden fire in ominous opal skies
And on the still and shadowy path the flush of
fire lies !

Brighter and broader grows the blaze—our
woodland journey done,

Under an arch of snow a-flame we see the setting
sun.

With tossing manes and chiming bells our horses
charge abreast

Beneath a dome of burning clouds into the golden
west ;

The gleaming grooves through glimmering snows
in which we speed display

As many, many glittering stars as light the Milky
Way.

*Thought's shuttle wove in memory's loom this fancy
glad and sweet*

*(Love was the warp and Hope the woof) : 'Tis thus
that lovers meet ;*

*By shining tracks through space and time they hasten
from afar*

*And dare the flaming walls o' the world to seek their
destined star.*

The rest is prose. I toast my toes before the
bickering blaze

Of tamarac logs hauled out of bogs by that same
pair of bays ;

The kettle growls ; deep-breasted fowls in unseen
ovens roast,
The while she bakes the spiced cakes whereof she
makes her boast.

O.

SCHOOL FOOTBALL

THERE's a broad green field in a broad green vale,
There's a bounding ball and a straining pack ;
There's a clean cold wind blowing half a gale,
There's a strong defence and a swift attack.
There's a roar from the " touch " like an angry sea,
As the struggle wavers from goal to goal ;
But the fight is clean as a fight should be,
And they're friends when the ball has ceased to
roll.

Clean and keen is the grand old rule,
And heart and courage must never fail.
They are making men where the grey stone school
Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call ? Can you hear the call ?
Now, School ! Now, School ! Play up !
There's many a knock and many a fall
For those who follow a Rugger ball :
But hark !—can you hear it ? Over all—
Now, School ! Now, School ! Play up !

She makes her men and she sends them forth,
O proud old mother of many sons !
The Ilkley breed has proved its worth
Wherever the bond of Empire runs ;
But near or far the summons clear
Has sought them out from town and heath.

They've met the foeman with a cheer,
And face to face have smiled on death.
They are fighting still to the grand old rule,
That heart and courage must never fail—
If they fall, there are more where the grey stone
school

Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call ? Can you hear the call
That drowns the roar of Krupp ?
There are many who fight and many who fall
Where the big guns play at the Kaiser's ball,
But hark !—can you hear it ? Over all—
Now, School ! Now, School ! Play up !

So when old age has won the fight
That godlike youth can never win,
The mind turns from the coming night,
To boyish visions flooding in ;
And by the hearth the old man dreams
Of school and all it meant to him,
Till in the firelight's kindly beams
The wise old eyes grow very dim.
But he's lived his life to the grand old rule
That heart and courage must never fail ;
So he lifts his glass to the grey stone school
That looks on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call ? Can you hear the call ?
Here's a toast, now ! Fill the cup !
Though the shadow of fate is on the wall,
Here's a final toast ere the darkness fall—
" The days of our boyhood—best of all ! "
Now, School ! Now, School ! Play up !

ERIC WILKINSON.

THE RUGGER MATCH

(Oxford *v.* Cambridge, at Queen's Club.)

THE FIRST HALF

WHISTLE ! A kick ! A rush, a scramble, a scrum,
The forwards are busy already, the halves hover
 round,
The three-quarters stand in backwards diverging
 lines,
Eagerly bent, atoe, with elbows back,
And hands that would grasp at a ball, trembling
 to start,
While the solid backs vigilant stray about
And the crowd gives out a steady resolute roar,
Like the roar of a sea ; a scrum, a whistle, a scrum ;
A burst, a whistle, a scrum, a kick into touch ;
All in the middle of the field. He is tossing
 it in,
They have got it and downed it, and whurly, oh,
 here they come,
Streaming like a waterfall, oh, he has knocked it
 on,
Right at our feet, and the scrum is formed again,
And everything seems to stop while they pack and
 go crooked.
The scrum-half beats them straight with a rough
 smack
While he holds the ball, debonair. . . . How it
 all comes back,
As the steam goes up of their breath and their
 sweating trunks !
The head low down, the eyes swim to the ground,

The mesh of ownerless knees, the patch of dark
earth,
The ball that comes in, and wedges and herks,
and is caught,
And sticks, the dense intoxicant smell of sweat,
The grip on the moisture of jerseys, the sickening
urge
That seems powerless to help ; the desperate final
shove
That somehow is timed with a general effort,
the sweep
Onward while enemies reel, and the whole scrum
turns
And we torrent away with the ball. Oh, I know it
all . . .
I know it. . . . Where are they ? . . . Far on the
opposite line,
Aimlessly kicking while the forwards stand gaping
about,
Deprived of their work. Convergence. They are
coming again,
They are scrumming again below, red hair, black
cap,
And a horde of dark colourless heads and straining
backs ;
A voice rasps up through the howl of the crowd
around
(Triumphant now in possession over all the rest
Of crowds who have lost the moving treasure
to us)
“ Push, you devils ! ” They push, and push, and
push ;
The opponents yield, the fortress wall goes down,
The ram goes through, an irresistible rush
Crosses the last white line, and tumbles down,

And the Ball is there. A try ! A try ! a try !
The shout from the host we are assaults the sky.
Deep silence. Line up by the goal-posts. A man
 lying down,
Poising the pointed ball, slanted away,
And another who stands, and hesitates, and runs
And lunges out with his foot, and the ball soars
 up,
While the opposite forwards rush below it in vain,
And curves to the posts, and passes them just
 outside.
The touch-judge's flag hangs still. It was only a
 try !
Three points to us. The roar is continuous now,
The game swings to and fro like a pendulum
Struck by a violent hand. But the impetus wanes,
The forwards are getting tired, and all the outsides
Run weakly, pass loosely ; there are one or two
 penalty kicks,
And a feeble attempt from a mark. The ball goes
 out
Over the heads of the crowd, comes wearily back ;
And, lingering about in mid-field, the tedious
 game
Seems for a while a thing interminable
And nothing happens, till all of a sudden a shrill
Blast from the whistle flies out and arrests the
 game.
Half time. . . . Unlocking. . . . The players are
 all erect,
Easy and friendly, standing about in groups,
Figures in sculpture, better for mud-stained
 clothes ;
Couples from either side chatting and laughing,
And chewing lemons, and throwing the rinds away.

SECOND HALF

THE pause is over. They part from each other,
sift out ;
The backs trot out to their stations, the forwards
spread ;
The captains beckon with hands, and the ball
goes off
To volleys and answering volleys of harsher cheers ;
For the top of the hill is past, we course to the
close.
We've a three point lead. Can we keep it ? It
isn't enough.
We have always heard their three-quarters were
better than ours,
If they once get the ball. They have got it, he runs,
he passes,
The centre dodges, is tackled, passes in time.
To the other centre who goes like a bird to the left
And flings in out to the wing. The goal is open ;
He has only to run as he can. No, the back is
across,
He has missed him ; he has him, they topple, head
over heels,
And the balls bumps along into touch. They are
stuck on our line ;
Scrum after scrum, with those dangerous threes
standing waiting,
Threat after threat forced back ; a save, a return ;
And the same thing over again, till the ball goes
out
Almost unnoticed, and before we can see what is
done
That centre has kicked, he has thought of the four
points,

The ball soars, slackens, keeps upright with effort,
Then floats between posts and falls ignored, to
the ground,

Its grandeur gone, while the touch-judge flaps his
flag,

And the multitude becomes an enormous din
Which dies as the game resumes, and then rises
again,

As battle of cry of triumph and counter-cry,
Defiant, like great waves surging against each
other.

They work to the other corner, they stay there
long ;

They push and wheel, there are runs that come to
nothing,

Till the noise wanes, and a curious silence comes.

They lead by a point, their crowd is sobered now,

Anxious still lest a sudden chance should come,

Or a sudden resource of power in mysterious foes

Which may dash them again from their new pre-
carious peak,

Whilst we in our hearts are aware of the chilling
touch

Of loss, of a fatal thing irrevocable,

Feel the time fly to the dreaded last wail of the
whistle,

And see our team as desperate waves that dash

Against a wall of rock, to be scattered in spray.

Yet fervour comes back, for the players have no
thought for the past

Except as a goad to new effort, not they will be
chilled ;

Fiercer and faster they fight, a grimness comes

Into shoving and running, and tackling and
handing off

We are heeling the ball now cleanly, time after time

Our half picks it up and instantly jabs it away,
And the beautiful swift diagonal quarter-line
Tips it across for the wing to go like a stag
Till he's cornered and falls and the gate swings shut again.

Thirty fighting devils, ten thousand throats,
Thundering joy at each pass and tackle and punt,
Yet the consciousness grows that the time approaches the end,

The threat of conclusion grows like a spreading tree
And casts its shadow on all the anxious people,
And is fully known when they stop as a man's knocked out

And limps from the field with his arms round two comrades' necks.

The gradual time seems to have suddenly leapt . . .
And all this while the unheeded winter sky
Has faded, and the air gone bluer and mistier.
The players, when they drift away to a corner
Distant from us, seem to have left our world.

We see the struggling forms, tangling and tumbling,
We hear the noise from the featureless mass around them

But the dusk divides. Finality seems to have come.

Nothing can happen now. The attention drifts.
There's a pause ; I become a separate thing again,
Almost forget the game, forget my neighbours,
And the noise fades in my ears to a dim rumour.
I watch the lines and colours of field and buildings,
So simple and soft and few in the vapoury air,
I am held by the brightening orange lights of the matches

Perpetually pricking the haze across the ground,
And the scene is tinged with a quiet melancholy,
The harmonious sadness of twilight on willowed
waters,

Still avenues or harbours seen from the sea.
Yet a louder shout recalls me, I wake again,
Find there are two minutes left, and it's nearly over,
See a few weaklings already walking out,
Caring more to avoid a crush with the crowd
Than to give the last stroke to a ritual of courtesy
And a work of intangible art. But we're all getting
ready,

Hope gone, and fear, except in the battling teams.
Regret . . . a quick movement of hazy forms,
Oh quiet, oh look, there is something happening,
Sudden one phantom form on the other wing
Emerges from nothingness, is singled out,
Curving in a long sweep like a flying gull.
Through the thick fog, swifter as borne by wind,
Swerves at the place where the corner-flag must be,
And runs, by Heaven he's over ! and runs, and runs,
And our hearts leap, and our sticks go up in the air
And our hats whirl, and we lose ourselves in a yell
For a try behind the posts. We have beaten them !

J. C. SQUIRE.

THE FENCER'S SONG

OH ! there's never a joy by field or flood, that a
strong man's heart can feel,
Like the supple wrist and the flashing eye,
And the stamping foot and the sudden cry,
And the ring of the glittering steel ! Hola ! Touché !

When you choose your sword and measure your
man for a bout on the boards alone,
And the thrill of the blood, as the good blades meet,
Runs down from your brain to your firm-set feet,
And the hour is all your own :

When you watch for his tricks in carte or sixte,
and feel where he parries hard,
When his thrust as swift as lightning flies,
And your keen riposte on his breast replies,
Straight home from a perfect guard! Hola!
Touché!

Oh! then doth a fencer's soul rejoice in his cour-
teous lists of strife;
For whether the gods may guide his blade,
Or leave unblest each stroke he made,
He tastes the best of life.

For there's never a joy by field or flood, that a
strong man's heart can feel,
Like the supple wrist and the flashing eye,
And the stamping foot and the sudden cry,
And the ring of the glittering steel! Hola! Touché!

THEODORE COOK.

CRUISE OF THE "BRANWEN," OR, THE
FENCING TOURNAMENT IN ATHENS

April 12th—May 9th, 1906.

I

THIS is the song of the "Branwen"
Who loved the frolic breeze,
The gay unconquered playmate
Of the glowing Southern Seas;
Like Amphitrite's tresses
On a breast as white as snow,
The spray of the sunlit breakers
From her dancing prow would flow,
When Ocean's myriad-murmur
Was calling her to stray
Where the loveliest of her comrades
Rode light on the foam at play.

II

So southward swift from Naples
Her bright career she bent,
While smoking Polyphemus
His fire and ashes blent,
But she tossed her head and hastened
To Sicilia's rock-set pale
Where Scylla and Charybdis
Roared on the rising gale,
Till she made Messina's harbour
And rested all the night
To preen her ruffled pinions
For her long south-eastern flight.

III

Then the blue Aegean wooed her
And the Nymphs of Hellas sang
Till the ancient cliffs of Corinth
With their tuneful welcome rang :
Till she rose and bared her bosom
To the golden kiss of Day
And fled on to where Athena
Gave her greeting in the bay.

IV

Four knights were with her, chosen well,
Englishman, Welsh, and Scot.
Who wore the Rose and dared their foes
To hinder them one jot.
Two comrades more had gone before
To hold the martial lists—
Their helmets on their heads were set
Their gauntlets on their fists—
And side by side they loudly cried
A challenge fair and free,
Till they were aware of an Almain there
Who answered courteously :

V

“ I am here for the right,” quoth the
Almayne Knight,
“ And the eagles of my home
I will uphold in combat bold
“ Where’er the English roam.”

VI

Two Kings sat by that tented field,
Two Queens were looking on,

When those black eagles spread their wings
And the English Roses shone.

VII

Lord Desborough of Taplow
Went first into the fight,
And the Grenfell Griffins on his crest
Were nodding, black as night.
He smote the Almain captain
Forthright so shrewd a stroke
Through helm and head and shoulders
That the captain's neck was broke.

VIII

But the second Almain's vengeance
Was hot upon that deed
And he charged on Maryculter
Right fast across the mead.
Three times Sir Cosmo foiled him,
Three times stout Casmir came,
Till at the fourth the Scot fared forth
With a swordthrust in his wame.

IX

The Lord of Newton's Manor
Was the third his blade to show,
And his nimble thrust laid deep in dust
The crafty Almain foe.

X

The fourth he was a sely man
Who waited patiently,
Till the last of England's enemies
To test her chivalry

Had spent his strength and tired at length,
Then, calling on his God,
With flashing eye and sword on high
He pinned him to the sod.

XI

What need to tell the shouting
The smiles of King and Queen,
The triumph and the laughter
And all that went between.
What need to tell how Flanders
Was smitten sore and fled,
Or how the breast of Gallia's best
Was filled with sorest dread.
In that last fight Sir Cosmo,
Still smarting from his wound
Like the Wild Boar of Caledon
Drove all men to the ground.
Four Frenchmen felt his falchion
Pierce all their harness through ;
Four widows mourn in Paris Town
The Lords his vengeance slew.

XII

High-hearted to the Branwen
Her doughty knights returned
And Howard Lord of Walden
With pride and glory burned.

XIII

The Greeks were sore astonished
When the Branwen's crew fared forth,
To sail the sunlit waters
That bore her to the north ;

But or e'er she won to Venice,
From Ragusa's storied walls
From the hoary cliffs of Ithaca
And Corfu's sunlit halls,
From Spalato's ruined splendour
And from Hadria's whitelipped seas
The tale of Athens Tournament
Went forth upon the breeze.

XIV

The young Bulgarian dreams it
As the night pales in the sky ;
Dalmatians, Turks, and Croats
Have heard its battle-cry ;
And a nameless terror seizes
The Knights of Paris Town
When they read the name of " Branwen "
And her swordsmen of renown.

THEODORE COOK.

THE SOLDIER'S GAME

HERE'S a song of the game we play
Out in the burnt maidan,
Right from Poona to Mandalay.
" Trichy " to far Mooltan.

Sahib and Jemadar here may meet :
Victory's laurels rest
Still with the daring, bold, and fleet
Sons of the East and West.

Rules of precedence too we doff,
Etiquette's self is blind ;
Subalterns ride their Colonel off,
Nor does the Colonel mind.

Here's a verse for the steeds we ride,
Never a swerve or flinch,
Hunter's strength with a racehorse stride,
Fourteen hands and an inch.

Arab, and Waler, and country-bred,
Chestnut, and brown, and bay,
Sloping shoulder and lean game head,
Built to gallop and stay.

Here's to the " one " who'll never shirk,
Doing the thing he's told.
Here's to the " three " who knows his work
Resolute, safe, and bold.

Here's to the " back's " unerring aim
Never a moment late.
Here's to the man who wins the game
Galloping hard and straight.

Blinding and dense the dust-clouds roll,
Little the horsemen mind,
Racing hard for the distant goal,
Thunder of hoofs behind.

On to the ball when the pace is quick,
Galloping all the way,
Stirrup to stirrup and stick to stick—
God, what a game to play !

This is the law that mayn't be broke,
This is our chiefest pride ;
Never a single selfish stroke,
Every man for the side.

This is the toast we love to drink,
Every night the same,
Bumpers all ! and the glasses clink,
" Here's to the Soldier's Game.

GEORGE U. ROBINS.

RACING RHYMES

HAVE you felt the joy that is almost fear
As you face the ditch and are two lengths clear,
And you hear the thunder of hoofs in rear ?
There is just a second when you may see
Clear out what the consequence will be—
If you go too close or take off too far
Comes a rending crash and a sickening jar,
A futile arm that you raise to defend,
And the battering hoofs that bring the end.

You are stride for stride, and you set your lip
As you urge with your heel and raise your whip,
And the moment he feels the whipcord sting
He leaps from the track with a glorious spring.
You hear the crash as the stout birch sunders,
And gain a length as your rival blunders.

COLWYN PHILLIPS.

ON EPSOM DOWNS

HIGH on the downs the awful ring is made,
The gath'ring clan of all the blackleg trade ;
A thousand shouts increase the deaf'ning cry,
And quite confound all question and reply ;
Yet order still o'er madness holds her rule,
And Cocker's self might learn in Gulley's school.
The storm increases, swells the pencill'd score ;
And lords and senators and bullies roar.
The statelier crew, their speculation made,
Forsake the rabble, and invest the glade ;
Where, just led out, the paragons are seen
To press, not wound, with glitt'ring hoof the green.
Each arching neck's impatient of the rein,
Fire in each eye, and swelling ev'ry vein.
Back to a hundred sires of Arab breed
Trace we the bottom and enquire the speed :
By Selim this, and that by Phantom got ;
And this by Tramp was bred by Mr. Watt.
And memory now in praise is fond to trace
Friends of the turf, and patrons of the race :
Smolensko, last of skilful Bunbury's breed,
Whom Jersey's Earl and Grafton's Duke succeed ;
Their care, their hope, their profit, and their
pride
A moment may o'erturn, and must decide.
That moment comes, — the bell ! the saddling
bell,
Sounds fortune's proudest triumph or her knell !
How beats our hero's pulse ? or where his heart ?
They're off ! but order'd back for a false start.
They're ranged again ! and now *are* off !—I deem
Two minutes now two lagging ages seem ;

Till twice ten thousand shouts and yells proclaim,
That Jersey's Mameluke wins deathless fame.
Some weep for joy, some think 'twas falsely done,
And swear Glenartney might with ease have won.

From "THE MAN OF TON: A SATIRE," 1828.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup.

"AYE, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at
evens;
The race is all over bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is
sweeter
Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
But if he's a gent, who the mischief's a jock?
Your swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the
plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds,
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick.
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

" But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The
Drag ;

You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

" And perhaps the green jacket, at odds though they
back it,

May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool ; and I think you may just win the cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the
tussle,

Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great
unction,

I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry, to start us at once.

" Keep back in the yellow ! Come up on Othello !
Hold hard on the chestnut ! Turn round on The
Drag !

Keep back there on Spartan ! Back, you, sir, in
tartan !

So, steady there, easy," and down went the flag.

We started and Ker made strong running on Mer-
maid,

Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-
bound ;

The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and
splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was
sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of last
year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Blue-
bottle ;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and
ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire
Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cocksparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall ;
And Giles on the Grayling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed
her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough ;
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she
shattered—
My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind
her
The sward to the strokes of the favourite shook ;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her, I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee ;
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught
her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green ;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to the strain on her bit ;
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we
bounded
Brushed lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we
lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping,
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill ;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought
her,
And up to his girth, to his breastplate she drew ;
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, " The
Devil,"
He muttered—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard :
" The green wins ! " " The crimson ! " The multi-
tude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges
past her!"

"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown
wins!" "The Clown!"

The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straight-
way,

Still struggles The Clown by a short neck at most;
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and
surges,

And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Aye! so end the tussle—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead
heat!"

A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said, "The
mare by

A short head." And that's how the favourite was
beat.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, 1870.

THE FINISH

(From John Masefield's "RIGHT ROYAL," the story of a
Steeplechase.)

ON the left, as he leaped it, a flashing of brown
Kicking white on the grass, showed that Thankful
was down;

Then a glance, right and left, showed that, barring
all flukes,

It was Soyland's, Sir Lopez', or Peterkinooks'.

A.S.V.

S

For Stormalong blundered and dwelt as he landed,
Counter-vair's man was beaten and Monkery
stranded.

As he reached to Red Ember the man on the red
Cried, " Lord, Charlie Cothill, I thought you were
dead ! "

He passed the Red Ember, he came to the flank
Of Peterkinooks, whom he reached and then sank.
There were only two others, going level alone,
First the spotted cream jacket, then the blue, white
and roan.

Up the street of green race-course they strained for
the prize

While the stands blurred with waving and the air
shook with cries :

" Now, Sir Lopez ! " " Come, Soyland ! " " Now,
Sir Lopez ! Now, now ! "

Then Charles judged his second, but he could not
tell how.

But a glory of sureness leaped from horse into man,
And the man said, " Now, beauty," and the horse
said, " I can."

And the long weary Royal made an effort the more,
Though his heart thumped like drum-beats as he
went to the fore.

Neck and neck went Sir Lopez and Soyland
together,

Soyland first, a short head, with his neck all in
lather ;

Both were ridden their hardest, both were doing
their best,

Right Royal reached Soyland and came to his chest.

Then Soyland's man saw him with the heel of his eye,

A horse with an effort that could beat him or tie ;
Then he glanced at Sir Lopez, and he bit through his lip,

And he drove in his spurs and he took up his whip.

There he lashed the game Soyland who had given his all,

And he gave three strides more, and then failed at the call,

And he dropped behind Royal like a leaf in a tide :
Then Sir Lopez and Royal ran on side by side.

There they looked at each other, and they rode, and were grim ;

Charles thought, " That's Sir Lopez. I shall never beat him."

All the yells for Sir Lopez seemed to darken the air,

They were rushing past Emmy and the White post was there.

He drew to Sir Lopez ; but Sir Lopez drew clear ;
Right Royal clung to him and crept to his ear.

Then the man on Sir Lopez judged the moment had come

For the last ounce of effort that would bring his horse home.

So he picked up his whip for three swift slashing blows,

And Sir Lopez drew clear, but Right Royal stuck
close.

Charles sat still as a stone; for he dared not to stir,
There was that in Right Royal that needed no spur.

In the trembling of an instant power leaped up
within,

Royal's pride of high spirit not to let the bay
win.

Up he went, past his withers, past his neck, to his
head.

With Sir Lopez' man lashing, Charles still, seeing
red.

So they rushed for one second, then Sir Lopez shot
out :

Charles thought, " There, he's done me, without
any doubt.

Oh, come now, Right Royal ! "

And Sir Lopez changed feet

And his ears went back level ; Sir Lopez was beat.

Right royal went past him, half an inch, half a
head,

Half a neck, he was leading, for an instant he led ;

Then a hooped black and coral flew up like a shot,

With a lightning-like effort from little Gavotte.

The bright little mare, made of nerves and steel
springs

Shot level beside him, shot ahead as with wings.

Charles felt his horse quicken, felt the desperate
beat

Of the blood in his body from his knees to his
feet.

Three terrible strides brought him up to the mare,
Then they rushed to wild shouting through whirl
 of blown air
Then Gavotte died to nothing ! Soyland came once
 again
Till his muzzle just reached to the knot on his rein.

Then a whirl of urged horses thundered up, whipped
 and blown,
Soyland, Peterkinooks, and Red Ember the roan.
For an instant they challenged, then they dropped
 and were done ;
Then the White Post shot backwards, Right Royal
 had won.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE GREAT FIGHT

(From " THE EVERLASTING MERCY, "by John
Masefield.)

FROM the beginning of the bout
My luck was gone, my hand was out.
Right from the start Bill called the play,
But I was quick and kept away
Till the fourth round, when work got mixed,
And then I knew Bill had me fixed.
My hand was out, why, Heaven knows ;
Bill punched me when and where he chose.
Through two more rounds we quartered wide
And all the time my hands seemed tied ;
Bill punched me when and where he pleased.
The cheering from my backers ceased,

But every punch I heard a yell
Of "That's the style, Bill, give him hell."
No one for me, but Jimmy's light
"Straight left! Straight left!" and "Watch
his right."

I don't know how a boxer goes
When all his body hums from blows;
I know I seemed to rock and spin,
I don't know how I saved my chin;
I know I thought my only friend
Was that clinked flask at each round's end
When my two seconds, Ed and Jimmy,
Had sixty seconds help to gimme.
But in the ninth, with pain and knocks
I stopped: I couldn't fight nor box.
Bill missed his swing, the light was tricky,
But I went down, and stayed down, dicky.
"Get up," cried Jim. I said, "I will."
Then all the gang yelled, "Out him, Bill.
Out him." Bill rushed . . . and Clink, Clink,
Clink.
Time! and Jim's knee, and rum to drink.
And round the ring there ran a titter:
"Saved by the call, the bloody quitter."

They drove (a dodge that never fails)
A pin beneath my finger nails.
They poured what seemed a running beck
Of cold spring water down my neck;
Jim with a lancet quick as flies
Lowered the swellings round my eyes.
They sluiced my legs and fanned my face
Through all that blessed minute's grace;
They gave my calves a thorough kneading,

They salved my cuts and stopped the bleeding.
A gulp of liquor dulled the pain,
And then the two flasks clinked again.
Time !

There was Bill as grim as death.
He rushed, I clinched to get more breath.
And breath I got, though Billy bats
Some stinging short-arms in my slats.
And when we broke, as I foresaw,
He swung his right in for the jaw.
I stopped it on my shoulder bone,
And at the shock I heard Bill groan—
A little groan or moan or grunt
As though I'd hit his wind a bunt.
At that I clinched, and while we clinched,
His old-time right-arm dig was flinched,
And when we broke he hit me light
As though he didn't trust his right,
He flapped me somehow with his wrist
As though he couldn't use his fist,
And when he hit he winced with pain.
I thought, "Your sprained thumb's crocked
again."

So I got strength and Bill gave ground,
And that round was an easy round.

During the wait my Jimmy said,
"What's making Billy fight so dead?
He's all to pieces. Is he blown?"
"His thumb's out."

"No? Then it's your own.
It's all your own, but don't be rash—
He's got the goods if you've got cash,
And what one hand can do he'll do,
Be careful this next round or two."

Time ! There was Bill, and I felt sick
That luck should play so mean a trick
And give me leave to knock him out
After he'd plainly won the bout.
But by the way the man came at me
He made it plain he meant to bat me ;
If you'd a seen the way he come
You wouldn't think he'd crocked a thumb.
With all his skill and all his might
He clipped me dizzy left and right ;
The Lord knows what the effort cost,
But he was mad to think he'd lost,
And knowing nothing else could save him
He didn't care what pain it gave him.
He called the music and the dance
For five rounds more and gave no chance.

Try to imagine if you can
The kind of manhood in the man,
And if you'd like to feel his pain,
You sprain your thumb and hit the sprain,
And hit it hard, with all your power,
On something hard for half-an-hour,
While someone thumps you black and blue,
And then you'll know what Billy knew.
Bill took that pain without a sound
Till half-way through the eighteenth round,
And then I sent him down and out,
And Silas said, " Kane wins the bout."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A click o' the tongue, a flick o' the whip	249
A Diamond the morn is set	226
Again the week of carnival; again	207
And in the frosty season, when the sun	102
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest	51
And yee my <i>Clubs</i> , you must no more prepare	58
Approach, and through the unlatticed window	98
Are you ready for your steeplechase	169
Away, away, to the woods with me	185
"Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens	269
Bad luck to the Country	118
Before we came the moon-soaked dewes were here	215
Behold me battling—as I fail	200
Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke	47
Boys, to the hunting-field! though 'tis November	147
But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me	45
But little need was there to-day	127
<i>Chancellor!</i> More like a bumble-bee	243
Come all ye jolly sportsmen of high and low degree	160
Come, horsemen all, from every field	235
Come, shall we goe and kill us venison?	43
Does your heart still throb with the old excitement	224
Don't talk of September!—a lady	140
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?	107
Earth now holds him in her rooty snare	229
Enough! enough! no longer we pursue	90
Fair Princesse of the spacious Air	82
First came the Harboured	143
Five gen'ral sorts of <i>Flying Marks</i> there are	88
Forty years on, when afar and asunder	210
From the beginning of the bout	277
From the cradle his name has been 'Hard-riding Dick'	167
Give me mine Angle weele to th' River there	47
Go, strip him, lad. Now, sir, I think you'll declare	162
God gave the horse for man to ride	240
Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester	42
Goff, and the <i>Man</i> , I sing, who, em'lous, plies	73
Good morrow, good morrow, Sir Knight of the mail	228
Hail, Cricket! glorious, manly, British Game!	76
Hark! the brave North-easter!	153
Have you felt the joy that is almost fear	267
He waited not—he was not found	120

	PAGE
Here range they once again their white array	220
Here stands little Burton, as honest a steed	166
Here's a song of the game we play	265
Here's your right ground : Wagge gently ore this Black	52
Here's to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame	174
High on the downs the awful thing is made	268
High through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd	101
Horses and hounds, their care, their various race	78
Hunting I reckon very good	72
Huntsman, I charge thee, tender wel my hounds	45
I am a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to have some fun, sirs	138
I am the Hunte, which rathe and earely ryse	49
I never yet owned a horse or a hound	183
I went this morning on my quest	50
I will sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout	151
I've a head like a violin-case	164
I vow he shall not sleep beyond the grave	201
I was reared in Doncaster some forty years ago	171
If a sportsman true you'd be	225
If the wild bowler thinks he bowls	202
If you'll but let your clackers rest	175
In the hollow by the pollard, when the crop is tall and rank	155
In the month of November, in the year fifty-two	62
In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift	51
It is little I repair to the matches of Southron folk	208
It's of a football match most delightful to be seen	183
It's of three jolly huntsmen	103
It were long years back, in t' blacksmith's croft	218
Just imagine a crew of a hundred or two	234
Leather—the heart o' me ; leather—the rind o' me	212
Light in the East, the dawn wind singing	238
Long ere the morn	60
My feyther and mother be boath dead and gone	190
Not his to chase the vulgar rat	189
Now as an <i>Angler</i> melancholy standing	57
No vulgar wood was the bat of might	203
Of a' the games that e'er I saw	245
Often when, o'er tree and turret	187
Oh ! once I believed in a woman's kiss	157
Oh ! there's never a joy by field or flood	259
On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun	97
On the left, as he leaped it, a flashing of brown	273
Or, when atop the hoary western hill	90
One Labour yet remains, celestial Maid	68
Once on a dim and dream-like shore	231
Ould mon, it's welly milkin' toim	113
Pepper or Mustard—what's the odds ?	242

Index of First Lines

283

	PAGE
Pindar, I pray thee, grant thy favouring aid	31
See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun	136
She's in front, I'm behind : we are off and away	248
Shining black in the shining light	241
Sith <i>Sickles</i> and the sheering <i>Sythe</i> , hath shorne the Feilds	81
Southerly wind and a cloudy sky	105
Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !	111
Terror of hen-roosts ! now from hollow sand-earth	173
The brave big hills of Exmoor, 'tis there I love to be	222
The burden of hard-hitting : slog away	199
The craftie Foxe which Numbers doth deceive	56
The hunt is up, the hunt is up	48
The lakes and mountains swarm with copious game	92
The last rose-petal of the sunset's rose	247
The Leading-ball—the upper end mayn't hit	58
The loveliness of Earth is still unspent	214
The merry brown hares came leaping	135
The pitch then's chosen, where the meadows start	77
The pitch was only smooth in parts	219
The rudiments of sciences	184
The 'Squire with half-smok'd pipe in hand	130
The stag at eve had drunk his fill	92
The throstle in the lilac	205
Then sometime in a dusky evening late	64
There are laddies will drive ye a ba'	221
There sprung a single Partridge—ha ! she's gone	89
There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night	206
There's a broad green field in a broad green vale	251
There's music in the names I used to know	216
This is the place ; here is the story told	203
This is the song of the " Branwen "	261
This snell and frosty morning	244
Three Southrop chaps went out one day	181
'Tis a fine hunting day and as balmy as May	108
Three Eynsham chaps went out one day	182
Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in	214
We started from the Valley's Pride	236
What is all this noise about	194
What shall he have that kild the Deare	43
When eight strong fellows are out to row	230
When first I stirred in your side, mither	178
When gelid frosts encrust the faded ground	177
When I was bound apprentice in fair <i>Lincolnshire</i>	179
When late the trees were stript by winter pale	75
When the young sporting cockney comes out for a ride	149
Whilst <i>Rockingham</i> was heard with these Reports to ring	54
Whizzing, fierce, it came	219

	PAGE
Whistle ! A kick ! A rush, a scramble, a scrum	253
Willow the King is a monarch grand	209
Worthy sir	99
You sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark	154
You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well	141
You see the ways the Fishermen doth take	60
You subjects of England, come listen a while	85

INDEX OF AUTHORS' NAMES

	PAGE
Introduction : The Poetry of Sport—E. B. Osborn	II
ADAMSON, EDWARD	
Golf Clubs in Mourning	58
ALEXANDER, SIR WILLIAM	
Fire, the Hunter	56
ANON.	
Bolts	164
Bonny Beeswing	160
Bowling	184
Chancellor	243
Dandie Dinmonts	242
Eynsham Poaching Song	182
Forty Years On	210
Golf and the Man	73
Holcombe Song	108
Limerick Races	138
Old Rules of Billiards	58
On Epsom Downs	268
On Shank's Nag	183
Snipe Shooting	177
Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky	105
Southrop Poaching Song	181
The Coston Run	127
The Dead Gamekeeper	229
The Football Match	183
The High-Mettled Racer	136
The Hunt is Up	48
The Hunter's Life	60
The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott	62
The King and the Forrester	85
The Lincolnshire Polcher	179
The Old Stable Lad	171
The Sportsman	149
The Three Jolly Huntsmen	103

Index of Authors' Names

285

	PAGE
BARNES, WILLIAM	
Dorset Song	175
BAYLY, THOMAS	
Separation	140
BEAUFOY, MARK	
A Father's Advice to his Son	225
BOSANQUET, R. C.	
In Memoriam " Boni " Canis	189
BOWEN, E. E.	
Willow the King	209
BROWN, C. HILTON	
Labuntur Anni	238
BROWNE, W.	
The Angler's Dinner	57
BUNYAN, JOHN	
Groping, or Tickling, Trout	60
BYRON, LORD	
Memories of Harrow	101
CALVERLEY, C. S.	
I Remember	187
CHALMERS, PATRICK	
The First Drive	226
To a Cock Pheasant	228
COCHRANE, ALFRED	
Ballade of the Corner Stroke	201
Luck of the Toss	218
Monotonous Ballad of Ill-Success	200
Release	224
COMBE, WILLIAM	
The Squire's Philosophy	130
COOK, THEODORE	
Cruise of the <i>Branwen</i>	261
The Fencer's Song	259
The Olympic Spirit	31
DIBDIN, C.	
The Skaiter's March	244
DOYLE, ARTHUR CONAN	
The Old Grey Fox	236
DRAYTON, MICHAEL	
Coursing	54
FAWKES, FRANCIS	
Noon	90
FOSTER, R. M.	
Classic Coaching	234
GALE, NORMAN	
The Commentator	205

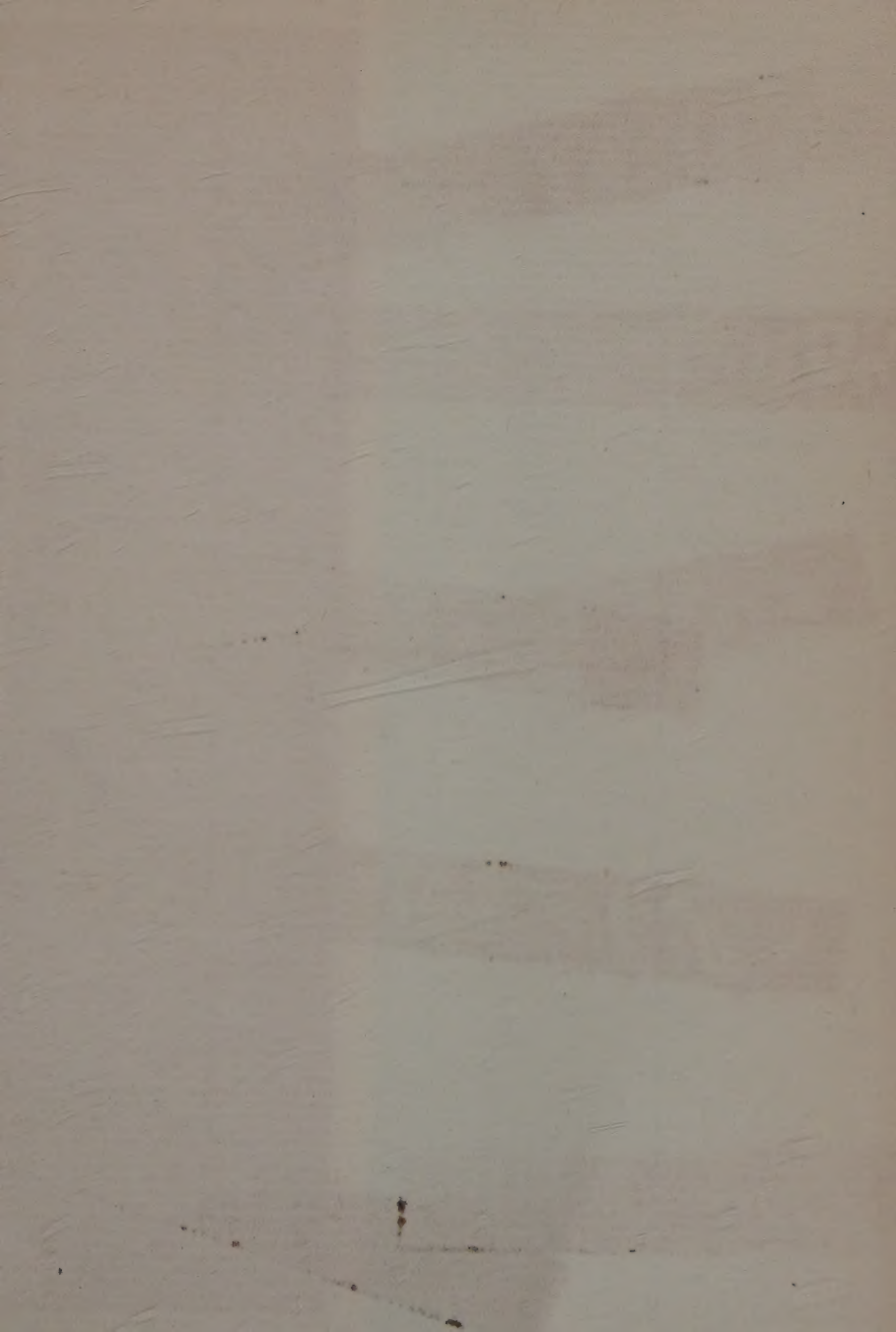
	PAGE
GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY	
How We Beat the Favourite	269
GOULD, FRANCIS C.	
Exmoor	222
GRAVES, JOHN	
John Peel	107
GREEN, MATTHEW	
Cure for the Hump	72
GRENFELL, JULIAN	
Hymn to the Wild Boar	240
To a Black Greyhound	241
GREY, SANDY	
The Old English Falconer	185
HARVEY, F. W.	
In the Slips	219
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée	169
The Bad Squire	135
The Find	154
The North-Easter	153
The Outlaw	178
KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN	
The Joyous Sport	99
KNOX, R. A.	
Again	207
L., HARRY	
The Good Little Hunter	166
LANG, ANDREW	
Ballade of Cricket	199
Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf	221
Brahma	202
LEFROY, E. C.	
The Bowler	214
The New Ground	214
LEHMANN, R. C.	
At Putney	230
The Perfect Oar	231
LEYDEN, J.	
Birds that Abound in Scotland	92
LOVE, JAMES	
Hail, Cricket!	76
LOVELACE, RICHARD	
Falcon and Heron	82
LUCAS, E. V.	
The Cricket Ball Sings	212

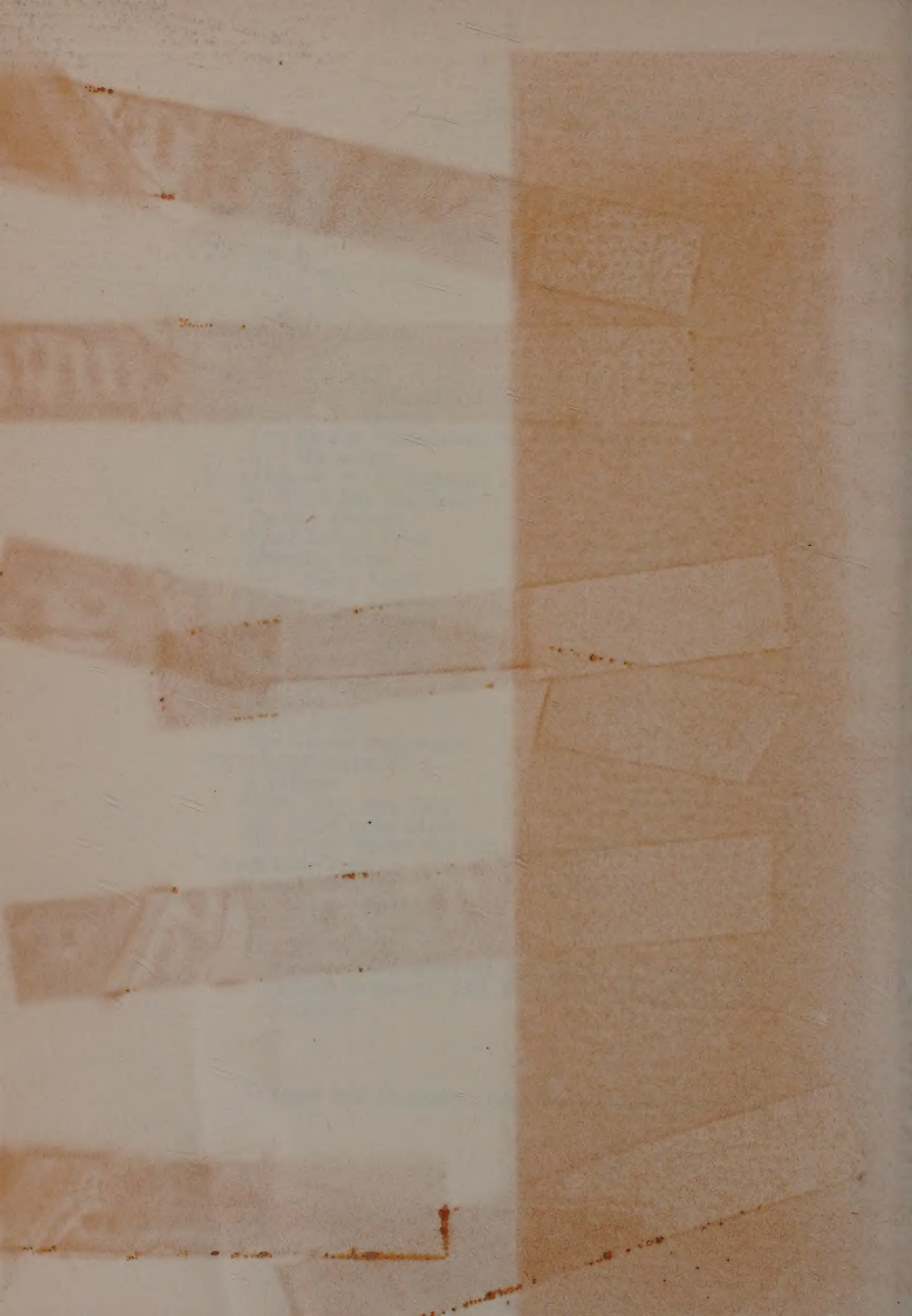
Index of Authors' Names

287

	PAGE
MARKLAND, GEORGE	
Neither Too Soon Nor Too Late	89
The Five Marks	88
MARTINEAU, G. D.	
Six and Out	219
The "Prep" School Match	220
MASEFIELD, JOHN	
The Finish	273
The Great Fight	277
MICKLE, SIR MARTYN	
The Schoolboy	90
MOULT, THOMAS	
Prelude	215
The Names	216
NEWBOLT, HENRY	
Vitaī Lampada	206
NORMAN, PHILIP	
Mr. Aislalie's Song	194
The Kentish Cricketer	190
O.	
A Song of Sleighing	249
Combined Skating	247
The Toboggan Slide	248
OGILVIE, W. H.	
English Grass	235
PARKER, ERIC	
Windmill Down	203
PERRY, HAROLD	
From the Latin	77
PHILIPS, COLWYN	
Racing Rhymes	267
QUARLES, FRANCIS	
Bowls	52
RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS	
Hawking for the Partridge	81
ROBINS, GEORGE U.	
The Soldier's Game	265
SCOTT, WALTER	
A Scottish Hunt	92
On Ettrick's Forest	97
The Poacher's Hut	98
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	
Shakespeare as Sportsman	42-48
SHIELDS, WILLIAM	
The Whipper-In	141

	PAGE
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM	
Otter Hunting	68
SPENSER, EDMUND	
The Elizabethan Athlete	51
SQUIRE, J. C.	
The Rugger Match	253
STONE, W. M.	
Mrs. Keate	203
THOMPSON, FRANCIS	
At Lord's	208
TICKELL, THOMAS	
The Perfect Hound	78
TURBERVILLE, GEORGE	
The Blazon Pronounced by the Hunter	49
The Harboured	50
WARBURTON, R. E. EGERTON	
A Word Ere We Start	147
Farmer Dobbin	113
Hard-Riding Dick	167
Hunting Song	111
Old Oulton Lowe	118
Temporary Tailors	151
The Earth-Stopper	173
The Tantivy Trot	174
The Tarwood Run	120
WARTON, THOMAS	
Bathing	75
WHITNEY, JOHN	
The Gentle Recreation	64
WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.	
A Clipper	162
Brow, Bay, and Tray	143
The Good Grey Mare	157
The Place Where the Old Horse Died	155
WILKINSON, ERIC	
School Football	251
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	
Skating in Lakeland	102
?. The Jolly Curlers	245
(This poem is attributed differently to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews)	





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